

## The

## TATLER

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1605.

London, March 30, 1932

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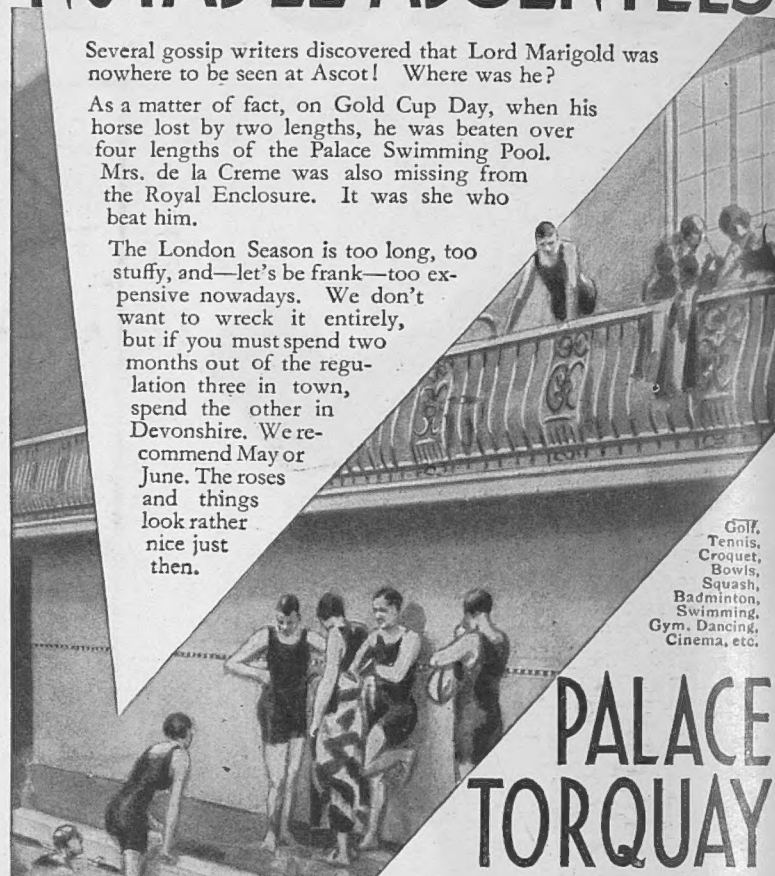
# NOTABLE ABSENTEES

Several gossip writers discovered that Lord Marigold was nowhere to be seen at Ascot! Where was he?

As a matter of fact, on Gold Cup Day, when his horse lost by two lengths, he was beaten over four lengths of the Palace Swimming Pool.

Mrs. de la Creme was also missing from the Royal Enclosure. It was she who beat him.

The London Season is too long, too stuffy, and—let's be frank—too expensive nowadays. We don't want to wreck it entirely, but if you must spend two months out of the regulation three in town, spend the other in Devonshire. We recommend May or June. The roses and things look rather nice just then.



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# The TATTLER

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1605 London, March 30, 1932

POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and  
Newfoundland, 14d.; Foreign, 34d.

Price One Shilling



*Janet Jevons, New Bond Street*

## MISS PEGGY WOOD AND MR. FRANCIS LEDERER IN "THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE"

The musical plays have it so far in London as, following hard upon the heels of other winners, including "Cavalcade," in which the unbeatable Mr. C. B. Cochran is concerned, as he is in this one, came this "The Cat and the Fiddle." Peggy Wood as the young composer working in Brussels and Francis Lederer as a more ambitious composer, bear a big part in making this one of the bumper successes of the year so far. The lady first of all disturbs the other composer's heart and then his music, but of course it all comes out right in the end. Some more pictures will be found on p. 517 in this issue



FIRST NIGHTERS: MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, LADY CARISBROOKE, MRS. IVOR BACK, AND MR. D'ERLANGER

Flash-shotted arriving at the Rialto Theatre for the special gala presentation of René Clair's film masterpiece, "A Nous La Liberté," which was held in aid of the Princess Christian Home for Mothers and Babies and was under the patronage of the Princess Helena Victoria

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—Our diplomats have been specially active in the way of entertaining lately, and we owe two extremely good parties, two of the best we have had for some time, to those excellent hosts the Minister for Czecho-Slovakia, and the Austrian Minister. The latter, a bachelor host, we know of course as the most inveterate party-giver in the country, especially of musical parties, but M. Masaryk does not entertain quite so often. And when he does it's not usually for the benefit of the younger generation.

However his dance in Grosvenor Place in special honour of Lady Mildred FitzGerald's daughter, Miss Follett, was a huge success. That enormous two-knocked-into-one house is ideal for entertaining, and all the newest youth and beauty was to be seen rubbing the more staid and elderly shoulders of the Corps Diplomatique. And among the prettiest were Lady Caroline Paget, the most ubiquitous of our débutantes, Lady Pamela Smith, Miss Dorothy Dixon's daughter, Miss Hyson, and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward.

Miss Ward seemed delighted to have the chance of chattering German to Mr. Lederer, who has made such a hit in *The Cat and the Fiddle*. She spent some time in Munich before she came out, so she is fairly fluent in that most difficult of languages. Another good linguist among the dancers was Miss Edith Lowther, whose father, the late Sir Gerard Lowther, was our Ambassador in Constantinople for many years. She has now taken up racing, and studies form most diligently. The most attractive of the grown-ups were, I thought, Mrs. Andrew Vanneck and Lady Anglesey.



C. D. AARVOLD GETS OVER FOR ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND  
(on left) IAN SMITH

England had a run-away victory v. Scotland at Twickenham for the Calcutta Cup (16 points to 3 points), but quâ rugby the game was good and fast. C. D. Aarvold, the English skipper, went over twice. Ian Smith is Scotland's great three-quarter, who after ten years of International Rugby may not be seen again

## The Letters of Eve



WITH THE SOUTH SHROPSHIRE: LADY LEIGHTON AND JOYCE DAWSON

At the South Shropshire's recent fixture at Loton Park, the seat of Major Sir Richard Leighton. Lady Leighton was Miss Kathleen Lees and was married in January. The Sheltie looks as if he thought the biscuits were coming his way

At Baron Franckenstein's party a few nights later the younger element was absent, but diplomacy was well leavened with beauty and artistic talent. Beauty in the persons of the Duchess of Rutland and her sister-in-law, Lady Diana Manners, Countess Voss, Baroness Szilvinyi and Mrs. Felix Weingartner, whose eyes I can only describe as dark brown pansies. She is small and perfectly sweet, and the fact that she hardly speaks a word of English doesn't prevent her from being surrounded by people who would like to have a word with her. Miss Tilly Losch I have put last, for she has both beauty and artistic talent.

Except for her I seem to have made the distinction merely a matter of sex. For I find that all the rest of the talented category were men. I will begin with Sir John Simon, for he is an artist in many ways. Then there were those three musicians, Dr. Felix Weingartner, M. Huberman, and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who need no description. And the great Max Reinhardt, of whom the

same can be said, and his right hand man, Herr Kommer, who goes with him everywhere and is such an enormous help to him in his work. He writes himself, and it was he who translated Somerset Maugham's "Rain" into German.

And last of all there was Prince George Chavchavadze, to whom the evening must have been something of an ordeal. For he was asked to play quite suddenly without having any idea about it beforehand. And, apart from that it's so much more trying to play among friends at close quarters in a room than to a more impersonal audience from that more aloof position on a platform. But I thought he played wonderfully well, and his nervousness was only betrayed by his pale face. He gave us a Rhapsody of Brahms, some Granados, and Liszt's Valse "Oubliée." He is off to play in Norway at the beginning of next month.



DON McCORKINDALE AND FRIEND—SHOOTING

It is not necessary to say which is the "and friend" because famous boxers always have the same kind of noses. Don McCorkindale's game fight with the Canadian coloured boxer, Larry Gains, is of too recent memory to demand any more extended reference. The snapshot was taken in Nottinghamshire

wonderful taste, which he has shown in the way he has decorated it, and he owns some very fine pictures, both old and modern. Incidentally he has a private printing press, which is a rare thing to hear of nowadays. His house in Dorsetshire, too, is very beautiful, and the garden, to which Mrs. Hornby devotes a great deal of time and attention, is thrown open to the public during the summer.

Mrs. Arthur Brodrick also gave a dance before half the world went up to Aintree for the National, which will seem a long time ago when you get this letter. There weren't so many people up there as usual, and the result, coming on top of the other fiasco at Lincoln, was a bit of a shock to most of us. But the glorious sunshine and the clearness which made it possible to follow the race nearly

all the way round were compensations.

The sun also had the effect of banishing most of the furcoats and bringing out all the smart spring suits and tweeds, the predominating colour of which was blue. Principally royal blue. Lady Rachel Howard, for instance, had a blue leather coat, and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, who was with her husband, wore a blue leather coat and skirt which was both practical and becoming. Mrs. Kellett was also in blue and so was Mrs. Fred Cripps, and I noticed that her hair was still windswept. There was plenty of it to be seen through the little hat she was wearing, for it had wide transparent bands. Mrs. Micklethwait's blue, which wrapped her almost from head to foot, was verging on turquoise.



UP AINTREE WAY: SIR JOCK AND LADY BUCHANAN JARDINE

The crowds at Aintree for the Grand National meeting were most enthusiastic, due principally to the Spring in the air and the good visibility. Sir Jock Buchanan Jardine is Master of the Dumfriesshire hounds and does not believe in M.F.H.s looking like huntsmen

It seemed odd to have a National without the Duke of Westminster, who is still away cruising with the Duchess, but his daughter, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, was entertaining hosts of friends in his box. She looked so pretty in red tweed with a short summer ermine coat. And other pretty women who caught my eye were Lady Buchanan Jardine, whose husband's beard we are still not quite accustomed to, Lady Westmorland, all in brown, who was among the lovelies lunching in Lord Sefton's box, and Lady Milbanke. She looked quite enchanting in a green knitted cap with one long curl coming well below her ear.

Lord Derby was another conspicuous absentee, but Lady Stanley was there in a neat coat and skirt with her husband's two nieces, Miss Primrose and Miss Bullock. And among other young people were Lord Hopetoun and his two sisters who are all so very like their mother, Lady Linlithgow. I saw, too, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brocklebank, who never miss the Aintree meeting, Mrs. Euan Wallace, Lord Lonsdale, of course, and Mr. and Mrs. David Forbes, who were among the lucky few who backed Forbra.

Mr. David Forbes and his twin brother, who are in the same battalion of the (Continued overleaf)



LORD AND LADY LOUTH AND LADY ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND AT THE IRISH KENNEL CLUB SHOW

A recent snapshot at Ball's Bridge, where the I.K.C.—the Crufts of Ireland—held its eleventh show. Lady Louth was the widow of Sir John Prichard-Jones, Bart., and Lady Elizabeth Townshend is a sister of the Marquess

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

Coldstream Guards, left for Egypt a few days later, and before going he and his wife, who was Miss Diana Henderson, gave a cocktail party at which I found a number of bright young things. Among them Lady Joan Villiers and her fiancé, Mr. George Newman, who are still undecided about plans for their wedding, which may not happen for some time yet.



AT THE BROCKLESBY POINT-TO-POINT: THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH, M.F.H., AND MAJOR CECIL PELHAM

Everyone was very pleased to see Lord Yarborough looking so fit at the Brocklesby point-to-point, run over a course between Bradley Woods and Welbeck Hill, which latter made a very excellent grandstand. Major Cecil Pelham, who is a grandson of the second Earl, is secretary of the Master of Foxhounds Association. Lord Yarborough's mastership of the Brocklesby is the second longest in the hound list, Mr. Jacob Robson, the Border (1879), beating him by one year

And I hear that Lady Joan's brother, Lord Hyde, and his fiancée, Miss Marion Glyn, are still trying to make up their minds about which church to get married in; anyhow, his mother, Lady Clarendon, has already arrived back from South Africa, so she is in plenty of time for the wedding.

Everyone in the world seems to be moving house and furnishing. I hear that Lady Brougham's lovely sister, Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, has given her new home at Beaulieu in the New Forest the enchanting name of "The House in the Wood." A sort of companion to "The House on the Shore," which used to belong to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu; they have just started decorating, and can think of nothing else! Other young couples whose minds run mostly on bath-room fittings and distempers just now are Mr. and Mrs. Simon Elwes, who have bought a charming little house in Cambridge Square, and Lord and Lady Francis Hill, who have just moved into their new flat in Westbourne Terrace. Lord Ednam, too, managed to settle into his new house in Green Street before he left for Rome. It has been decorated for him by Lady Colefax, and she has done the job so well. His sister, Lady Patricia Ward, is to keep house for him in future.

While the winter escapers have been returning in their hordes, some of the others who have endured until now are just setting off on their travels. Among them Lord and Lady Bradford, who are going for a cruise in the Mediterranean, and Mrs. Alan Colman, Lady Strathcona's twin sister, who by now will have already

flown to South Germany to do some ski-ing before it is all over. Mr. and Mrs. Phil Nichols are also out there. Mrs. Nichols was Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay until a short time ago. Her husband is a brilliant young diplomat and a brother of the poet.

Though young mothers are accused nowadays of shirking their responsibilities, I found many of the prettiest of them gathered at Lady Hambleden's, the other afternoon, to listen to a lecture on "The Care of the Child Through the Ages." Among them Lady Weymouth, Mrs. Alec Baring, and Lady Joan Peake. The latter's sister, Lady Iris Capell, has one of the most original jobs I know. She runs a garage, hiring out cars, and driving, and doing all running repairs herself. She did very well in the recent motor rally that ended up at Torquay.

Talking of motoring, the newest line in treasure hunts seems to be catching on. Mrs. Alan Swinton gave a very successful one the other night, and the clues were masterly. And no wonder, for she was helped by those very bright young people, Mr. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe. Their car was one of the fleetest in the chase. Mrs. Drury-Lowe must surely have the "lucky face" gipsies tell us about; she seems to have all the things that make life worth while, including a charming house, a good-looking husband and a beautiful baby. Her house is most original. The green dining-room, and big maize-covered drawing-room, are modern in the best sense of the word. They give a great feeling of space and airiness, without being too empty and cold—and how I envy the Victorian chandelier of many-coloured glass that forms the principal decoration in her sitting-room.

Another couple who have perfect taste and a particularly lovely house are Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid. I have always thought her far more to be envied than her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, who must often have found her palatial Brook House something of a white elephant! Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, whose lovely red hair has been inherited by her younger son, has specialized in the nurseries. Her two lucky little boys have furniture painted with nursery rhymes and pictures, and a lovely green and blue bed-room. Their mother possesses one of the finest jade collections in the world. It was left to her by her grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel, and Captain Cunningham-Reid has arranged it against a background of looking-glass, cracked and dulled by age. This is lit from above, and throws back strange broken reflections—the whole effect, in a pine-panelled room, is quite lovely.

Mr. David Tennant is nothing if not enterprising in the way he runs the Gargoyle, and when I saw him the other day he was full of plans for the near future. For instance, there is to be an evening of all-in wrestling next week. And the week after a new band with a new rhythm will replace the old one. But his *pièce de résistance* is being kept for the end of the month when he has staged a fencing match between Mr. Ian Campbell-Grey, who fences for England, and Sir Oswald Mosley.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS JOACHIM OF PRUSSIA IN CANNES

A snapshot in the sun last week. Prince Joachim of Prussia is the youngest of the six sons of the ex-Kaiser of Germany

Hostesses like Lady Cunard see to it that there is no Sabbath dullness about the restaurants. The other Sunday Lady Cunard had more than thirty guests, at Claridge's, with Miss Astaire and her husband-to-be, Lord Charles Cavendish, making their first joint début in Society, as it were. Miss Astaire looked wonderful in a simple black frock, with a scarlet coatee, which had long sleeves and tight-fitting cuffs. She danced a great deal, first taking the floor with Lord Charles to the strains of "You're Blasé!" which I hope was not true in either case. Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Caroline Paget, Miss Baby Jungman, and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell—in leaf-brown chiffon—were some of the other young people to be seen.—Yours ever, EVE.

# "THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE"



THE TRIUMPH OF HARLEQUIN: (Right to left)—MR. ERIC MARSHALL, MISS MURIEL BARRON, AND Mlle. DELYSIA



MISS BABS VALERIE AND MR. HENRI LEONI



MISS GINA MALO AND MR. FRED CONYNGHAM

Mr. Cochran's latest contribution to London's entertainment, "The Cat and the Fiddle,"—the love story, to music, of two budding composers—enchants the eye and ear so subtly that a second visit to the Palace is almost essential. Tribute has already been paid (on the frontispiece to the personal triumph of Miss Peggy Wood and Mr. Francis Lederer. On this page are others who merit congratulation. Mlle. Delysia, whose acting throughout is a delight, is seen as Pierrot in "Le Pèlerin Passionné," the play within a play, the setting of which is quite exquisite. Miss Gina Malo and Mr. Fred Conyngham dance cleverly, and Mr. Henri Leoni makes a most tuneful Marchand de Musique



POOR PIERROT: Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA

# THE CINEMA

## Two Points of View

By JAMES AGATE

**M**R. SYDNEY CARROLL (whom equally with Dr. Strabismus the gods preserve!) defies me and everybody else whose business it is to write about the films to maintain that *Hell Divers* at the Empire "is not a magnificent movie." Being an astute and foreseeing critic Mr. Carroll prepares his retreat by presenting me with some ready-made objections to this film. He suggests that I "may detest exhibitions of brutality"; that I may look upon "Wallace Beery as a coarse bully and upon Clark Gable as a lop-eared lout"; and finally, that I may "regard the utilisation of the American Air Force for screen purposes as an ignominious prostitution of a gallant body of heroes." But, runs Mr. Carroll's argument, however stoutly I may maintain these objections I must still hold *Hell Divers* to be a magnificent film. Now for years I have been differing categorically from Mr. Carroll, who, whilst remaining one of the most charming of human beings, has always seemed to me to be totally unable to arrive at the right judgment upon anything, and when he does then for the wrong reasons! Be it known to Mr. Carroll, then, that I do not detest exhibitions of brutality, that on the contrary I enjoy nothing better; that I adore films in which men go down to hell in ships; and love to see a mass of beef cat-o'-nine-tailed by a mass of brawn while the decks run rivers of blood bespattering the snowy fragrance of some nitwit's petticoats. Let me assure Mr. Carroll that so far from regarding a world-star as a lop-eared lout, I should not like to use those words in connection with even so humble a thing as a film-critic, and that I have always doted—still dote, and propose to dote continually—upon both Mr. Gable and Mr. Beery. Let me assure my friend and colleague that I cannot see any better way of utilizing the American Air Force than to screen it, that in the matter of calling airmen gallant heroes I would just as soon apply that term to traffic-cops, pedestrians, and anybody else engaged in a dangerous pursuit. Incidentally, will Mr. Carroll or anybody else please tell me in what wars the American Air Force gained all those rows and rows of medals? Decorations, I take it, were not awarded while America was making up her mind to come into the late War, or even while she was getting ready for it, and there can hardly have been all that number of battles in the six weeks, or whatever it was, the Americans spent in or near the front line.

But all that is by the way. The point of my objection to *Hell Divers* is that this film is about just nothing at all. Essentially it is as meaningless as a photograph of our own Air Force giving a demonstration at Ranelagh on some afternoon in the strawberries-and-cream season. The plot would be difficult to describe because, though the film lasts two hours, there isn't any! These two hours are taken up with photographs of the American Air Force in action. We see two derelict warships, and the Air Commander, bemedalled from collar-bone to midriff, tells us that there is to be a competition. One warship is to be destroyed by naval guns, whereas the other is to be destroyed by aircraft bombs. The point, of course, is which can do it the quicker. Well, we see and hear the naval guns at work, the first boat turns turtle, and we are told that the time was eleven minutes. Then we see the aircraft drop their bombs, which sink the second vessel. But we are not told how long this took, so that the experiment is useless equally from the point of view of the American War Department and of the spectator in the cinema. Then the Air Force is despatched on some manoeuvres during which a fog comes on, and Beery, Gable, and their superior officer naturally find themselves airwrecked on the same ten-yards strip of coast! Beery and Gable have been sworn enemies throughout, and from no discoverable cause, which is all the more reason that they should now indulge in prodigies of sacrifice and renunciation. What happened in the end I do not know. I suffer from a complex which is a partiality for a half bottle of wine at the last meal of the day. Allowing for turning round, the swiftest taxi still takes four minutes to get from the Empire to the Trocadero. Therefore, owing to the fantastic licensing arrangements of "this other



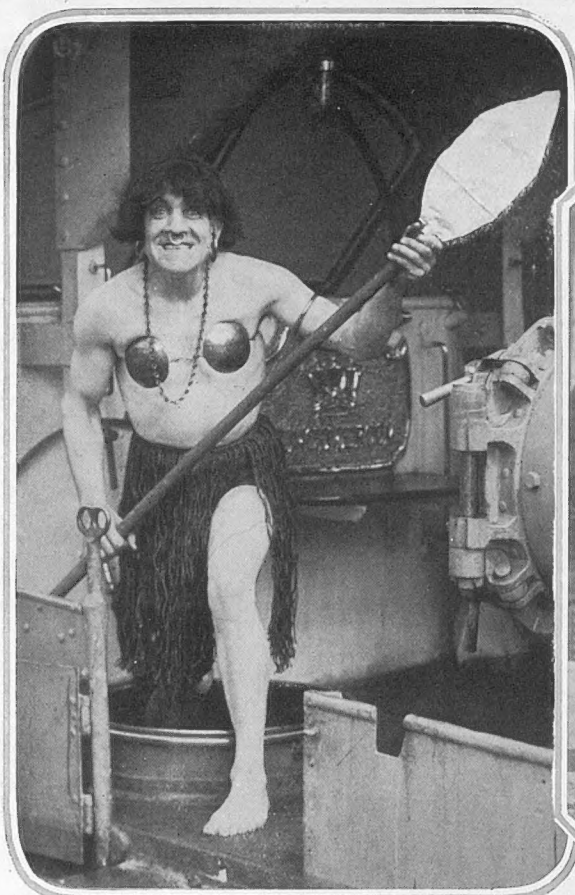
LORETTA YOUNG AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Junr.

In one of the scenes in "I Like Your Nerve," a First National picture in which they are starring, and which had its general release on March 21. "Doug," minor's likeness to his famous Pop is very striking. He is twenty-five, and made his screen debut in 1923

Eden, demi-paradise," I have made it a rule to leave the Empire at six minutes to twelve whomever Garbo may be greeting, however loopy Velez may have got, and though Norma's plight be at its sheerest. A more than courteous official to whom I explained my departure at 11.54 told me that in the end Beery gives his life to save Gable and is accorded a simple and moving funeral, in contradistinction, I suppose to a complicated and unmoving one. Whereby I apprehend the entire audience to have melted into tears, although not having been in any way perturbed by the thought that the American Air Force exists solely for the destruction of the Beerys of their own and every other country, not by the individual but by the million. In plain English this film, which Mr. Carroll regards as magnificent, is nothing more than the old schoolboy glorification of war. To judge by it the Great Mistake might never have happened, and therefore I take *Hell Divers* to be not only a silly film but a pernicious one, while the fact that its photography is excellent merely aggravates the offence. The only thing I learned from this entertainment was that flying in a fog is more dangerous than flying in clear weather. No, I am wrong, and I beg Mr. Carroll's pardon! I learned something else. I learned that in the American Air Force a non-commissioned officer who owns the rank corresponding to that of sergeant-major may knock down one of his sergeants without protest by that sergeant, and within the knowledge of his commanding officer, who equally does not object to the practice.

Let me now call my colleague's attention to a really significant film, *War Is Hell*, at the Marble Arch Pavilion. This begins by showing the beauty of earth and humanity before war has begun its ravages, and goes on to show five men of different nationalities marooned in a dug-out in No Man's Land and determining that war shall not be again. The photography is magnificent because it has meaning. Every foot of the film provides food for thought, the emotion is serious, and the unnamed actors are superb. The burden of the film is the French poet's: "Puisqu'il n'est qu'un ciel, pourquoi tant de patries?" The film is a German one, and it has a prologue spoken by Professor Gilbert Murray. It is, moreover, a work of the highest art and I think Mr. Carroll might like it. But he would have to get out of his head that an aeroplane, even a million-horsepower one, whether soaring, standing still, or crashing, is a work of art. It isn't, and ten thousand of them are not. An aeroplane, if it is a serviceable one, is a masterpiece of ironmongery, but no more. Art and drama come into the matter with consideration of the uses to which the aeroplane is put. All that the airmen in *Hell Divers* are asked to accomplish is to play the giddy, daring, spectacular, and cheaply pathetic fool. Mr. Carroll calls that stupendous, and I call it stupid. But perhaps that is the difference between us!

## THE DESTROYERS DO A VARIETY SHOW AT GIB.



TONGERI-WONGERI-WINGERI-WANG, THE  
CANNIBAL KING (A.B. PROCTOR)



THE THRASHEM SINGERS:  
L. to r.—LT.-CR. STEVENS.  
LT.-CR. NICHOLL, LIEUT.  
COBBE, LT.-CR. RODGERS,  
LT.-CR. THORNTON-JONES,  
LIEUT. GIBSON



THE "RUSTICY RAMPANT" INTERLUDE: This group includes MISS JOAN ANDERSON,  
MISS MOLLY MOIR, MISS ROSEMARY MURRAY, MISS ALICE STAINER, LIEUT.-  
COMMANDER NICHOLL, LIEUT.-COMMANDER STEVENS, LIEUTENANT TYRWHITT,  
LIEUTENANT TILDEN, LIEUTENANT KINLOCH, A.B. SEAMAN MILLS



IN GASOLINI'S OPERA: MIDSHIPMAN EVANS, LEADING  
SEAMAN GURNET, AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER JAMES

Naval theatricals are always a feature of the Atlantic Fleet's Spring Cruise visit to Gibraltar. This year honours went to the Destroyers, when they produced a variety show in aid of the "M 2" Disaster Fund. The Atlantic Fleet, incidentally, is now called the Home Fleet, but whether it prefers this rating is not stated. Anyway, this show at the Assembly Rooms, Gibraltar, was a first-class operation, and every item was a winner. Gasolini's famous work, "L'Appreziazione Della Situazione," is, of course, far too well known to the musical high-brow to demand any elaboration from us—or from anyone else. Lieut.-Commander James' performance of the exacting rôle of Bello Yellini has never been equalled. The Thrashem Glee Singers are still alive, but no one quite knows why. The Cannibal King also demands a line for his quite exclusive effort

# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

THE weather for Lincoln has not been so perfect nor the going so firm since the latter cause undid the gamble on Ugly Duckling a good many years ago. The crowd in the members enclosure on the first day, all four of whom were entertained to lunch in Lord Londesborough's box, reflected the uninteresting card, and Mr. Scott Fry, the only book-maker on the rails, hadn't much to do. The story of the Lincoln itself is about the same as usual except for the absence of hard lines stories. It is true Red Letter Day sliced out of the course into the rough at the start, and being lost in a wood had to be given up, but the market didn't disclose him as being much fancied. Owing to the open winter and mild weather the field was very much more forward in coat and condition than usual, and didn't include any of the oddities it sometimes does. In

this connection a well-known trainer told me that a man once asked him for the loan of his best apprentice to ride in this race. "I think my horse is sure to win," he said. "I galloped him a mile with two fast hunters and brought him along the last two furlongs myself in a Morris Minor, so by the speedometer I know it was a true gallop"!!!

The Brocklesby was won for Miss Paget by Maranon, trained by Briscoe, who has done so well for her with her jumping horses. He also won the two-year-old selling race and was good enough to tell Mr. C. Pratt, who bought it, that it was only worth a few sovereigns. In the excitement of the moment he had himself been the under bidder at 390 guineas, one can only presume without realizing it.

The Lincoln Plate, unlike last year, produced a good two-year-old in the Dinah Morris colt owned and trained by Mr. Boydie Davis, who is leaving the country shortly and has got his horses ready early in consequence. So easily did this colt win that many eased up and not much account can be taken of the placings. The weather held over Liverpool and the usual enormous National crowd turned up besides all the regulars, who



MR. BILL PRIOR—A STEWARD AT LINCOLN

A telling impression collected on the day when the curtain was rung up on the 1932 flat season, and the Lincoln and National "doubles" began to go down. The outsider winning the National also started a whole lot of people on the wrong side of the book



MRS. SEELY AND LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY

A picture by the same artist who caught Mr. Prior (on left) un-awares, and also one of people who are very familiar figures at the meetings both N.H. and on the flat. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, whose husband is Master of the South Notts, was riding at the recent Cotswold Point-to-Point. She is very brilliant to hounds

appeared to have wintered well and not altered an iota. An exception must be made in the case of the gentleman, late an owner of race-horses, who has grown very hirsute either, it is thought, with a view to understudying Sir Edward or a leading part at Oberammergau.

The Stanley 'Chase was won for those most sporting Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Clark, who have hunted and raced over here for many years. In Kellsboro' Jack they have got, in my opinion (and not mine alone), the finest type of Liverpool horse we have seen since Troytown. Size, scope, liberty, temperament, a most polished performer, and only a six-year-old, with any reasonable luck this horse must win a National one day. He reflects great credit on Mrs. "Winn" Hastings and Ivor Anthony, his trainers, who incidentally, but for the worst of luck, would have brought off the double of the Foxhunters as well with 'Chadsford in the same ownership. At Becher's, the second time round when the race seemed to be at his mercy, a loose horse balked him. Turning short round he jumped the fence, but could never quite make up the ground he had lost. The National itself as a race, a spectacle, or a speculative medium, was a flop. All the best horses were put out of it one way or another, mostly through no fault of their own, Pelorus Jack alone giving Gregalach and Mr. Thackray a crashing fall, and stopping about eight other horses. In a ding-dong race from just after the canal turn, Hamey and Mr. Paget raced stride for stride, the distance gained by Forbra at the last fence being the distance by which he won. All credit to them and Rimell, who delivered the horse so fit at the post.

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# THIS POINT-TO-POINT BUSINESS



ANOTHER VICTORY FOR MRS. MASTERS

Even a broken rein did not stop Mrs. Masters from adding to her long string of Irish Point-to-Point successes by winning the Open Race at the Tipperary Hunt Meeting on her mare, Saucy Countess. It was a very popular victory



Dennis Moss

POLICE PROTECTION FOR LADY  
URSULA FILMER - SANKEY

A snapshot at the Cotswold Point-to-Point after the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter had participated in the Ladies' Open Nomination Race



LORD AND LADY NORTHESK AT THE  
STAFF COLLEGE DRAG POINT-TO-POINT



Dennis Moss

AT THE COTSWOLD HUNT RACES

Major Humphrey de Freville, Miss Rosemary Glyn, and her stepfather, General Ramsay, at Hunt Court, Brockworth. The Ladies Race was, as usual, a great draw! It was won by Miss S. Pierce's Crown Glass. At the Staff College Draghounds Point-to-Point races, held at Ashridgewood, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel G. Clark, 16/5 Lancers (see right) won the Heavyweight event on his White Nose in a field of nine



MRS. CLARK TYING ON LIEUT.-  
COLONEL G. CLARK'S NUMBER

# With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Light but by no means Trivial.

**M**OST people regard men and women "of the world" as people who have mixed in the so-called best Society in many countries, travelled in more or less luxury in many places, and possess several thousand a year of their own, mostly inherited, sometimes acquired. But my own impression of a man of the world is someone whose intelligence has no "corns," and you may occasionally come across him anywhere and in any station of life—also in any comparatively restricted environment. Oh! how sick and tired one gets of the person with whom we may neither discuss politics, nor religion, nor sex, nor most other interesting subjects without finding he is bristling with a whole cohort of various inhibitions. Conversation becomes so restricted. It is like being shut up alone with someone whose development has become stationary in an atmosphere of complete conventionality. Alas! the majority of people are like that. Almost always there is a side of life, sometimes several, which you must avoid as if it were forbidden ground. And the curious thing about these people is that if there be one aspect of their mental outfit which they regard with spiritual pride, it is that "corn" which makes them so narrow, so parochial, such obstructionists. They may call it conviction, but it is really fear bolstering itself up by ignorance, and a wish not to be disturbed. The charm and the interest of Mr. Basil Tozer's volume of reminiscences, "Life's Lighter Side" (Grayson. 15s.), is that, in my opinion, it expresses the opinion of a man of the world without any silly prejudices, without any of that "refrayned" gentility of outlook which makes many people and their reminiscences so unutterably tedious. As a worker Mr. Tozer seems to have tried his hand at many things. He has travelled round the world with a school-friend so wealthy and so improvident that any idiotic extravagance seemed justified so long as it was expensive enough. This gave him, of course, the opportunity to become intimate with a certain aspect of life. Then he has been in turns a steeplechaser, a gambler, a theatrical press-agent, a journalist, a writer, a man-about-town. He served and fought through the War, and this, as it did to so many other intelligent men, gave his life that rock-bottom realistic philosophy upon which the sillier faiths and prejudices melt away in seething agitation. He has been a rolling-stone perhaps. However, that once popular condemnation used by our grandfathers has nowadays lost its sting. They are the people who never roll at all, either in mind or body, except perchance in one self-interested direction, who obstruct all that is beautiful and clean and free in the world's progress. His book certainly makes easy and interesting reading. It reveals many aspects of life and it condemns none, except the hypocritical, the callous, and the money-mad. It is, of course, not the kind of book one would recommend with any likelihood of success to those people who damn most things they do not understand, confuse morality with an Act of Parliament and regard any kind of text as an inspiration from on-High. But it is full of interesting worldly pictures, amusing stories, queer anecdotes about the queer men and women he has come across in life; while the personal inter-beens have that lack of reverence for the static and the pompous which is refreshing in this world where blatancy and pomposity so easily awe the unsophisticated.

Thoughts from "Life's Lighter Side."

"Happiness depends largely on one's being one's own master. To be always at someone's beck and call is in a sense humiliating. Also it tends to kill ambition."

"Happiness in marriage consists, when all is said, in two people being fond enough of each other and understanding each other well enough to



ALSO: MRS. STRICKLAND CONSTABLE AND MAJOR YEATS-BROWN

Two more people who were at Foyle's Literary luncheon at Grosvenor House. Major Yeats-Brown is the author of that arresting book, "Bengal Lancer"

Photographs by Sasha



AT FOYLE'S LITERARY LUNCHEON: SIR ARBUTHNOT LANE AND MISS RADCLYFFE HALL

Miss Radclyffe Hall was the guest of honour at the luncheon given at Grosvenor House by the famous organization, Foyle's. Miss Radclyffe Hall's most recent book is "The Master of the Hour," with a much-discussed theme, but good literature. Her previous one was the even more discussed "The Well of Loneliness." Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, it needs scarcely be said, is the famous surgeon

live together in harmony and under the same roof for an indefinite period. The sexual act has little or nothing to do with marital happiness after the first few years of marriage."

"The only happy people are those who think least of themselves and miss no opportunity of helping others who are worth helping."

"At least half of life's worries we create ourselves, and then we look for and expect sympathy and commiseration."

Henry VIII Sprouting Wings.

The worst of psychological research is that it leaves us no villains. It is so disconcerting to discover signs of "wings" in people who we had been brought up to believe had only horns and a forked tail. One day the Devil himself will be found to have his virtuous uses, and then *where shall we be?* Most of us find it very comforting to be able to condemn someone wholeheartedly. It is nice to find out that we are not as bad as other men, because happily few of us live to realize that we also need not boast out loud, since we too are bad, though in another way. So many of the villains of history, for example, have been white-washed lately that it only needs the discovery that Nero was fond of dumb animals and kind to children to make us wonder if he also had "wings," albeit not in the proper place. And here comes Mr. Frederick Chamberlain, who in his interesting "Private Character of Henry VIII" (The Bodley Head. 18s.) proves that Henry was not so bad as he has been painted, and considering his temptations, six wives almost amounted in his case to chastity. In the main the book seems to have been written under a qualm of conscience. Mr. Chamberlain once believed that Henry VIII was a syphilitic. This book is an effort to prove that he wasn't. That he could not well have been. A man so supremely strong and healthy, such an adept at games, could surely not have been thus tainted. A great part of the book is devoted to contemporary references to this healthiness and strength. The ultimate ulcers from which he suffered, and which led to his death at a comparatively early age, were thus the symptoms of quite a "respectable" disease. The trouble which all of his queens had to bring forth anything alive at birth, or alive for a few weeks afterwards, could be accounted for by many reasons. Mr. Chamberlain is at great pains to prove that the famous "Ship Baby" born to Queen Katherine was in reality a ship and not a baby at all. Elsewhere he takes the King's medical history to be judged by

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## SHORT-HEADED!

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



"I can't get the dole, sir, and I can't get a job. Yer see, I'm decapitated by me deafness!"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

modern medical knowledge, with the result that the syphilitic taint is left very much in doubt. The beginning is perhaps a little too much a lengthy diatribe against the proved inaccuracies of Francis Hackett's popular book, "Henry VIII," and the gay, imaginative trimmings by which the late Lytton Strachey embroidered history. But at the end of the book one discovers that Mr. Chamberlain has built up several definite character-studies, especially that of King Henry VIII and also a vivid picture of the times in which he lived. The book is a wonder of tireless research and the most scrupulous documentation. It is very interesting but not a very "picturesque" narrative. Which, of course, is all the better from the point of view of history, if not of easy popularity. It leaves Henry VIII a bluff, jolly, healthy animal who would stand no nonsense from the powerful Roman Catholic Church and, instead of being the base sensualist of tradition, rather a man who, considering his temptations, emerged well-nigh immaculate. Apart from all this, Mr. Chamberlain seeks to prove that as a patriotic monarch he was only a little less great than Queen Elizabeth. But I don't suppose the book will make school history books revise their judgments. Those six wives stick in the memory far longer and much more easily than the events of the Wars of the Roses or even those of the Hundred Years War. History demands its villains. Richard the Lionheart spent all his life and much of his country's money waging a religious crusade which was really no good to anybody, but he has come down to us as an almost saint. King Henry was the real founder of the British Navy but he is still a "villain" because, in his search after an heir, he took a very obvious course. Yet "heads" went very cheaply in those days both in the Church as well as in the State. It is as well to remember that. Mr. Chamberlain reminds us of it once again in this very interesting book.

## A Sad, but Very Moving Story.

I cannot for the life of me imagine why Luise Tottenham called her novel "The New Woman" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). At best, such a title conjures up in the mind a woman of the 'nineties bicycling in bloomers and demanding the vote; at worst, a post-War lady defiantly living with a man not her husband and justifying her childlessness in the cause of economics. As a matter of fact it is a moving and beautiful story of pre-War Irish rural life, the tragedy of a girl whose marriage was arranged for her (as was once the custom in rural Ireland, and perhaps still is), and her life-long devotion to her children, who, one by one, left her at last when she was old and lonely, and had not even the memory of past happiness to comfort her. There is nothing of the new woman in that! All the same, I hope it will not put off the majority of readers who, in their ignorance, will imagine the story to be a stridency of unsuppressed feminine inhibitions. They will miss a sad, but very lovely tale. It has all the sweetness of life and all life's secreted sorrows. As a girl Julia Carmody had met and fallen deeply in love with the nephew of a neighbouring farmer; they were too poor to marry, so the young man had emigrated to America, begging Julia to wait until he could afford to make her his wife. She did so until, hearing years later that her lover had married, she at last consented to one of those arranged

marriages which were such a common practice in rural Ireland before the Trouble. The man she married was a drunken brute, but he became the father of her three children. It was not until long afterwards that poor Julia heard how her youth's lover had waited for her all the time, and only she, to all appearances, had failed their mutual promise. Then her brute of a husband is killed in a drunken brawl, and Julia is faced with the sole management of a farm on the verge of ruin, and the education and upbringing of her three children. She is now a middle-aged woman, her beauty gone; hard work, cruelty, loneliness had taken their toll of her youth and looks, and that charm which had made her sought after by all the young men years ago. Then at the end, when she had given all up for the sake of her children, life tore them away from her, or brought with the eldest boy a young wife (another arranged marriage), who was going to stand no nonsense from any mother-in-law, but would enforce her position from the very start. Thus, old and loveless, except for the memory of one love in the very long ago, we leave her. It is, as I wrote above, a sad but very moving story.

Beautiful in its picture of rural Irish life and in its character-study of poor Julia, such a victim of fate, and the finer part of her own nature: which, alas, is so often the way of real tragedy.

## Selfishness Seems to Have a Much Better Time.

After Julia's tragic unselfishness comes Mrs. Ottendorf, who never once knew what it was! "Westward Passage" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), by Margaret Ayer Barnes, is the story of a spoiled woman who unfortunately is never quite amusing enough to make us forgive her rampant egoism. Married to a millionaire German Jew, Olivia meets on board an Atlantic liner her first husband, David, a y, Bohemian,

easy-going, with whom she had once been quite happy until poverty became a permanent P. G. Being on board ship, and having nothing to do, encourages them both to believe that they have never ceased to love each other after all, and now they are older they will be wiser. So when they arrive at New York it is decided that they shall elope, which they do. Only, happily for all concerned, the moment Olivia discovers herself in a cottage once more they begin to quarrel over her rearrangement of the whole house and household. It ends in her going back to her rich husband—poor man—and David thanking God. As an amusing satire the story is a little too long.

## Ninepenny Novels.

Messrs. Benn's new Ninepenny Novels are certainly an "event" in the world of the novel reader. Their average length is roughly 40,000 words, which gives us one nice long evening over the fireside, or a long railway journey, or a "disturbed" week-end. The first two volumes are "The Next Generation," by Mr. J. D. Beresford, and "Love is a Flame," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes; both good stories, although Mr. Beresford's is less a story than a clarification of his own ideas regarding Age and Youth, and what at present they signify, with personal names given to "lines of argument," and a back-ground of Sussex and a big house on the Downs to afford back-ground. Mrs. Lowndes' story is rather an arbitrary affair in which plot moulds character, rather than contrariwise. But it is interesting if not very convincing, and of course it is very well written. The new series has made an excellent start.



"Pardon me—I've been watching you looking for your ball for the last half hour—would it be against the Rules if I were to tell you where it is?"



DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE'S WORLD TOUR—A REHEARSAL OF "MACBETH" ABOARD THE S.S. "COMORIN"

The cast includes: Dame Sybil Thorndike, Mr. Lewis Casson, Mr. Bruce Winston, Mr. Christopher Casson, Miss Ann Casson, Mr. Michael Martin-Harvey, Miss Zillah Carter, Mr. Albert Chevalier, Mr. Athol Fleming, Mr. Mathew Forsyth, Mr. Donald Eccles, Miss Colette O'Neill, Miss Hilda Davies, Mr. Norman Shelley, and Mr. Peter Ridgeway



MISS ANNE CASSON STUDYING



MR. LEWIS CASSON "SHOT" BY MR. NORMAN SHELLEY



MISS COLETTE O'NEILL

Dame Sybil Thorndike with her husband, Mr. Lewis Casson, her son, Christopher, her daughter, Anne, and a company totalling fifteen, are on a world tour which will probably take them eighteen months to complete. After opening at the Royal Opera House, Cairo, they take in Palestine, South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, and America. They are producing seven plays which they are rehearsing en route. The intention also was to play at Colombo on the way to Australia, and this probably was carried out. Miss Colette O'Neill is in private life Lady Constance Malleison



"You must stop that clock at once," he cried.

# WELL I NEVER!

BY CAREY GREY.

But after he had had time to collect himself he realized that this was not the case. For one thing it was not a continuous ringing and, for another, windows were being opened and heads were being popped out here and there, and Big Ben went on striking.

The gulls, which should have been asleep at this hour, were rising from the river and circling round and round uttering shrill squawks of alarm, and Big Ben went on striking. The pigeons in Parliament Square were waddling up and down in great agitation and grumbling at the backs of their throats, and before long a whole army of policemen came marching out of Scotland Yard to see what was the cause of the disturbance, and Big Ben went on striking. They advanced upon Constable Higgins, who was so astonished that he could do nothing but alternately shake at his ear and gaze blankly at the clock tower.

"Now then, what's all this?" said the sergeant; "who's been tampering with that clock?"

Constable Higgins opened and shut his mouth several times.

"Come, speak up!" said the sergeant.

"Can't say, sergeant," said the constable; "I haven't seen nobody about here for some time."

"Well, we can't have this going on," said the sergeant. "Someone must do something."

Gradually a crowd of astonished people collected. It is difficult to say where a crowd could have come from at twelve o'clock at night, when a few moments before the street had been quite empty; but crowds are like that, they just appear. Some of the on-lookers were amused, some were angry at having their night's rest disturbed, but most of them were too astonished to have any other feeling and stood gazing up at the big clock with their mouths open. And all this time the voice of Big Ben rang out, one resounding stroke after another. He must have struck at least one hundred by this time.

Presently an excited figure came hurrying down Whitehall, clad in an overcoat with a pair of striped pyjamas hanging below, a bowler hat, and a pair of shiny goloshes. He elbowed his way through the crowd and addressed the constable in excited tones:

"You must stop that clock at once," he cried. "It's woken the Prime Minister, and he's most annoyed."

The constable fumbled for his note-book; here at least was something he could get hold of.

"I'll trouble you for your name and address," he said regaining a little of his lost composure.

"Dumbwhistle," said the man, "Adolphus Dumbwhistle—I'm the Prime Minister's butler, and he's sent me along to say that this noise has got to stop."

"Oh, has he?" boomed a voice from the clock tower.

The crowd gasped and all eyes were turned upwards. The striking had ceased, but now the great booming voice was even more deafening.

"Just you go back and tell the Prime Minister I've struck!"

"You don't mean it?" said Mr. Dumbwhistle, quite shocked.

"Oh, yes I do," boomed the great clock, "and what's more, I'll go on striking; everyone's doing it these days, it's the only way to get any attention paid to you."

"What are you striking for?" asked the sergeant.

"If you go and fetch the Prime Minister, I'll tell you."

"Can't do that," said the butler, "the Prime Minister's in bed; you can't expect him to come out here in his pyjamas to listen to you. Besides, your voice can be heard half over London at this time of night, so he can hear what you're saying anyway."

It was a lovely night, and almost warm for the time of year, the sky was dark blue and studded with stars, just like a blue velvet pin-cushion with pins in it, thought the constable on duty near Westminster Bridge, as he stood for a moment with his head thrown back drinking in the beauty of the Spring night. A strange thought for a constable on duty, you say, and that's just what the constable thought himself as he caught himself making the comparison.

It was a strange night altogether, full of unexpected beauty; little gusts of wind came suddenly round corners, bringing with them the smell of primroses. Well, it would be April tomorrow, so the Spring was really here. The dim outline of the London County Council building on the other side of the river looked like some ruined castle in a fairy-tale.

"Nah then, this won't do," said the policeman, pulling himself together, and striding up the street in the direction of the Houses of Parliament. A black cat crept soft-footed along the wall at his side; it stopped for a moment and regarded him solemnly, the tip of its tail quivering ever so slightly, then it deliberately winked at him and passed on into the shadows.

Constable Higgins began to have an uneasy feeling that something was going on somewhere, he couldn't have told you what; it was just an unaccountable feeling that someone or something was laughing up their sleeve at him. He looked suspiciously at the tall houses looming up each side of him, but they drew their shadows more closely about them and gave no sign.

Well, thought the policeman, they can't be laughing up their sleeves because they haven't got any, but he wasn't so sure that they weren't smiling down their chimney-pots.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the voice of Big Ben; he was starting to strike twelve. Involuntarily the policeman began counting the strokes, one—two—three—four—and so on, then he put his finger in his ear and shook it violently, for Big Ben had struck thirteen. Before he could remove his finger it struck again and then again. The policeman subjected his ear to a still more violent shaking but with no better result. Big Ben was still striking. That was about twenty-four altogether.

"Lummy!" said the policeman, "I must of got the 'flu, I've got a ringing in me ears."

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SWEET  
AND  
LOVELY

LADY MOIRA  
COMBE: TWO  
NEW STUDIES

Photographs by  
E. O. Hoppé



LADY MOIRA COMBE

No excuse is needed for using a popular refrain as the title of this page; in fact, as Lady Moira Combe's many friends will readily agree, no adjectives could more perfectly describe her. She was the loveliest débutante of 1920 and though she has been married for twelve years she still looks extraordinarily youthful and arouses admiration wherever she goes. Lady Moira's husband, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Henry Combe, D.S.O., is in the Royal Horse Guards Reserve. They have a house in Cadogan Square, and two attractive children





AT A DANCE AT THE CAIRO EMBASSY CLUB

A "coup d'œil," in which those who were there, no doubt, will be able to discover themselves. Concealed somewhere in this mazy dance, left to right, are: Mr. R. E. Thomas (with eyeglass), Deputy General Manager of the Egyptian State Railways, Mrs. H. Hamilton Earle, Mr. V. Cornelius and friend, Mr. G. Kidston, Miss Bailliss, the Earl of Warwick, who has been back in England some time since this was taken, dancing with the German Ambassador's wife, and in the foreground (right) Sir H. Cholmeley and Mr. Fisher Rowe (both Grenadier Guards)

**T**RÈS CHER,—If Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps go to London this season, as I am told they intend to, Sacha will only be able to include in his repertory two of the three new playlets he presented at the Théâtre de la Madeleine last night. One of them, *Les Desseins de la Providence*, is frankly an odious theme that even the hardened habitués of the *répétition générale* received coldly. I expect, however, that Sacha is now aware of his mistake, for Lord Tyrrell and Sir Austen Chamberlain were amongst his guests at the *couturière*, the private performance that takes place before the *générale*, and they surely will have warned him. The play that will, I think, please London best has a Chinese setting; Sacha describes it as "a legend in three tableaux," with music by Louis Beydts—*Le Voyage de Tchong-Li*. It is a legend that may possibly be Chinese in its origin; but it has been told over and over again in every country—without losing any of its charm, be it said, and Sacha's manner of "telling" is most delightful.

Tchong-Li (Sacha), a wealthy Chinaman of the provinces, is about to set forth on a business trip to Canton. He leaves his beautiful young wife, Niao (Yvonne), at home in the care of her mother. Before he leaves, he asks Niao what she would like him to bring her from the city. "A comb," she answers, "crescent-shaped like the new little moon at present in the sky." But by the time Tchong-Li arrives in the city he has forgotten, exactly, what it was he had to buy. He remembers, however, that it has something to do with the shape of the moon. Mai-Mai-Jen, the merchant, looks at the sky, where now the moon is a full round disc, and decides that it must be the new toy that all the ladies of Canton long to possess. He produces a mirror of polished metal. Tchong-Li returns to Niao, who greets him joyously; but when she is given her present she bursts into tears, for she has never seen her own reflection before. Her mother enters, and Niao cries to her that Tchong-Li no longer loves her, since all that he has found to bring her is the picture of a woman. The mother also gazes into the mirror and laughs: "Why should you care," she answers, "since she is old and ugly?"

The *Desseins de la Providence* is, I think, an unpardonable error. A young wife (Irma Genin) has an intrigue with an actor (Sacha) who is playing at the Casino, which is next door to her villa at Vichy. He comes to see her during an interval between the acts of *Primrose*, in which comedy he plays the rôle of the Bishop. The husband returns unexpectedly and comes upon them in such a manner as to have no doubts of what is, euphemistically, known as his "misfortune." Nevertheless, the prestige of "the cloth" is such that the actor, whom he takes for a real prelate, is able to bully him into disbelieving his own eyes.

## Priscilla in Paris

*Françoise*, the *pièce de résistance* of this new programme, is a dramatic story in Sacha's finest manner. A young couple, consisting of a jealous husband (Roger Gaillard) and his beautiful wife (Yvonne), are on the eve of celebrating the first anniversary of their wedding-day. They had been lovers before their marriage, and, one gathers, the young man had taken his wife away from his best friend. The evening paper contains the news of the first husband's attempted suicide, and immediately afterwards comes the request that the wife should visit him at the nursing home to which he has been taken. At first the second husband refuses . . . then grudgingly gives his consent. The next scene takes place in the nursing home. The wounded man (Sacha), who is now supposed to have a good chance of recovery, is in a semi-delirious state, and, in a rambling monologue, explains to his ex-wife all that her desertion has meant to him. The wife realises that her present husband is . . . *pas grand' chose de propre*, and allows herself to be persuaded into watching the night through with the sick man, who begs her to stay with him till morning. The last scene finds the jealous husband raging as he awaits the return of his wife, who had promised to return within

an hour. When she arrives at eight o'clock, pale and broken from her long vigil, he receives her with bitter upbraiding and sarcasm, to which, at first, she hardly replies, until,

in one short speech, she explains that happiness cannot be built on another person's misery and that she has merely returned to say good-bye, for she will never live with her second husband again.

"Very well," he cries, in a passion of jealousy, "you can go back to him . . . and you can tell him I sent you." She is already at the door, she turns and faces him quietly. "No," she answers, "I can tell him nothing. He died at three o'clock this morning," and the door closes behind her. —With love, TRÈS CHER, PRISCILLA.



AN ARTISTIC PICTURE OF BEAUTIFUL LIANE HAID

Liane Haid is described as Austria's most beautiful woman, and has made a tremendous success in her first stage appearance in Vienna, where she played the lead in "The Girl from Vienna." She was trained as a dancer, and has appeared in a number of German films, including "Lady Hamilton" and "The Gipsy Princess"



SACHA'S  
NEW PLAY  
AT THE  
MADELEINE  
IN  
PARIS



MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS AND (INSET) M. SACHA GUITRY IN "LE VOYAGE DE TCHONG LI"

Sacha Guitry and his pretty little wife have put Sacha's latest play very successfully over the footlights at the Théâtre de La Madeleine. The heroine is Niao, and the author has given her some charming songs with a Chinese "influence" in them—Chinese music quite unadulterated not being peculiarly beautiful or even tuneful. Sacha Guitry's two-fold genius is one of those rare things which must always arouse our admiration. There is many a good actor who would never make a playwright, and still fewer playwrights who would make good actors. In Sacha the two are fused most successfully

## AT THE MEATH POINT-TO-POINT



LADY GRANARD AND LADY EVA FORBES



LT.-COLONEL THE HON. EDWARD STOURTON AND MISS PAGE

Admirable weather attended the Meath Hunt Meeting, and the presence of several horses entered for Fairyhouse and Punchestown added to the importance of the occasion. Lt.-Colonel the Hon. Edward Stourton, Lord Mowbray's brother, is a local light, but Lord and Lady Farnham live in County Cavan

## WELL MET AT DALYSTOWN

Mrs. Hubert Hartigan, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, M.F.H., Mrs. Masters, Lady Ainsworth, and Mr. Geoffrey Gilpin in fine form at the Meath Point-to-Point. Mrs. Masters, who has nothing to learn from mere man about race-riding, won the Ladies' Race, on Sir T. Ainsworth's Cyclone Billy, though Mrs. Baggallay put up a great fight on Kilmorony

*Photographs by Poole, Dublin*



LORD AND LADY FARNHAM



## THE OWNER OF HEARTBREAK HILL

Mrs. C. S. Bird, junior, with Mr. Maude, of Belgarde Castle. Mrs. Bird came over from America full of hope of seeing her Irish-trained mare, Heartbreak Hill, win premier chasing honours at Aintree, but took her disappointment in very good part. She is no stranger to Ireland and has often hunted in County Meath. Lady Granard (see top right) is but rarely persuaded to face the camera. She had an extra-special interest in the result of the Open Middleweight Race, for it was won by her future son-in-law, the Marquis de Brissac, on his own horse, Blarney Castle. Lady Eva Forbes is Lord Granard's sister

# The T.V. BEAGLES



AT PALMONES BRIDGE—GIB.

The Master, Major C. H. Townsend, and the pack in the foreground



UNCARTING 'EM AT MIRAFLORES: MAJOR C. H. TOWNSEND SUPERINTENDING THE OPERATION

This interesting pack of beagles, called by some currant-jelly dogs, was only started this season by Major Townsend and Commander Vivian and hunted by the former. According to information supplied, they hunt an enormous country with a radius of 70 miles, almost enough to make even the Beaufort open their eyes a bit. The picture at the top is extremely picturesque and gives a good impression of the kind of thing which spans the little rivers. Miss Peggy Barne, who turns hounds to the Master, is the daughter of Colonel Barne

Photographs Chas. E. Brown



MISS PEGGY BARNE, WHIPPER-IN TO THE T. V. BEAGLES

# THE PASSING SHOWS

"Dirty Work,"  
at the  
Aldwych  
Theatre



MAKING UP THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

Ralph Lynn taking off the face moss of Robertson Hare, who is held down by Mary Brough, preliminary to their little burgling expedition, undertaken on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief



THE CROOK: MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT

In the very act of pinching the sparklers! She little reckoned with the lady opposite

THE dirtiest work of all is the absence of Tom Walls. Perhaps one does not think of Mr. Walls so much as an actor in connection with these Aldwych farces as a happy-go-lucky joint-Master of the Ceremonies. Mr. Walls and Mr. Lynn cling together, after long years of fooling, like twin spirits united by as divine a communion as ever joined Mede to Persian, or Armstrong to Siddeley. Wherefore our sense of what is right and proper refuses to countenance one dear charmer without t'other. Now that Mr. Walls has absented himself without our leave, we realise the merits of an actor whose art is cunningly concealed under a casual take-it-or-leave-it veneer that goes deeper than would appear on the surface.

The full story (as the papers say) of *Dirty Work* is of lesser moment than the provision of properly tailored reach-me-downs for our old favourites. So long as Mr. Lynn retains his eye-glass, plays fast and loose with two charmers simultaneously, and is engulfed up to the eyes in any felon's work, not excepting murder; so long as Miss Mary Brough can bounce into view, bonnetted and brazen like some angry Tritoness descending on a swarm of minnows; so long as Mr. Robertson Hare can exclaim "Tut-tut!" and "Dear, dear!" from behind owlish spectacles and be lured, the picture of protesting respectability, into some nefarious scheme—so long as these delectabilities happen, things can't go far wrong at the Aldwych.

Nor do they. In fact, they go serenely according to plan. Mr. Lynn, veering from puerile simplicity to the guile of several serpents, is in immediate trouble with his girl, his employer, and a band of crooks. He is a shop-walker in a Bond Street jeweller's.

Miss Brough (well named as Mrs. Bugle) works in the shop, and keeps lodgings in Bloomsbury for the staff. Mr. Hare is another shopwalker in the same firm, falsely accused of philandering with the coy but acidulated spinster behind the ladies'-bags counter (Miss Ethel Coleridge). Whereas Mr. Hare's leisure hours are devoted to birds'-eggs, his whole life is wrapped up in his moustache. Its middle name is certainly Black Beauty. Mrs. Bugle's fourth lodger is Miss Constance Carpenter, who deputises for Miss Winifred Shotter, another of the dear departed, and spends the evening, like most of Mr. Travers's heroines, being alternately petted and lied to. She is jealous of Mr. Lynn because he is being vamped by a swell customer (Miss Margaretta Scott, in the successful rôle of bold, bad siren); Mr. Lynn is jealous of her because the boss (Mr. Archibald Batty) is in amorous pursuit. Mr. Henry Hewitt is the bad girl's brother: both are crooks with designs on the jewel-cases. Mr. Louis Bradfield is the shop detective in league with them, and Mr. Gordon James is the firm's gloomy and half-witted night-watchman who expects to meet Beelzebub and meets instead Mr. Hare disguised, without his moustache, as a burglar, and Mr. Lynn, with moustache, as a policeman. The removal of Mr. Hare's moustache is good. Mr. Lynn shaves it off, with Miss Brough's assistance, by a mixture of



AND THE RESOURCEFUL MAIDEN

Miss Constance Carpenter must have taken a long course of Sherlock Holmes and Edgar Wallace. There is the real professional touch about the vanity-bag mirror



"NO YER DON'T!" SAYS THE CARETAKER (MR. GORDON JAMES)  
But the cleverly improvised Cop (Mr. Ralph Lynn) says, "Leave 'im (Mr. Robertson Hare) to me!" and the "burglars," who are, in fact, two perfectly honest persons, get away with it!



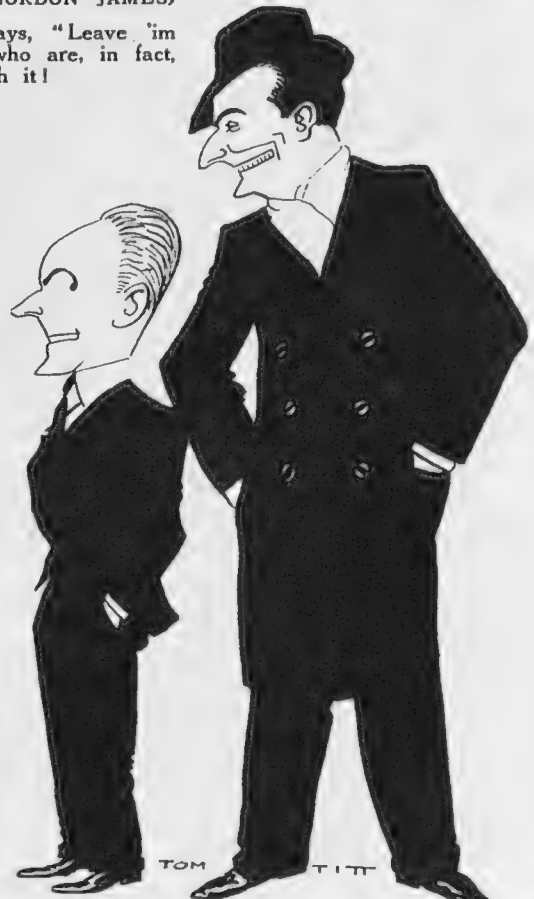
MR. ARCHIBALD BATTY AND  
MISS ETHEL COLERIDGE

Characterisation rich and rare in both cases, especially the lady, who is a master-piece

force and persuasion, and disposes of the theory that Mr. Hare's face furniture is home grown. Loudly as we greeted this act of humiliation, our thoughts turned regretfully to Mr. Walls. He should have been in at the death.

The burglary is the best scene and gives the last act a useful fillip. The final scene, however, is mildly anti-climactic, but there is one incident which is the true Aldwych goods. This is when Mr. Lynn knocks out Mr. Hewitt with an ebony persuader and then, the shopwalker supplanting the he-man, follows his tottering victim round the room with a chair in thoughtful anticipation of his collapse. Mr. Batty is the next victim, and he too dithers into unconsciousness while his dismissed employee cheerfully apologises for prematurely silencing an offer of a partnership.

Mr. Travers has provided his usual quota of terse lines and back-answers, so that laughter, if not uproariously hilarious, is plentifully assured. The early scenes in the shop are not wildly funny, but they have some bright moments, and the trap set for Mr. Hare is joyous to behold. Picture the unhappy man, with the stolen ring in his breast pocket. A puff of Mr. Lynn's cigarette-smoke on his spectacles and out comes his handkerchief, followed by the ring. The lamb is caught in the thicket of suspicion, soon to be shorn before our very eyes and revealed as a deaf-and-dumb Bill Sikes, sans glasses, sans moustache, sans everything that pride and probity hold dear. "TRINCULO."



TWO VERY BAD MEN

Mr. Louis Bradfield as Wrench, who is supposed to be a shop detective, but is really a crook, and Mr. Henry Hewitt as Hugh Stafford, another of "The Boys"

# THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



PLAY BALL!



The Hunt : Have you seen the hounds ?  
The Intelligent One : Aye ! That I 'ave many a time !

By PATRICK BELLEW



OFF TO DRAW—THE WEST SU

By LIONEL



SURREY AND HORSELL BEAGLES

EDWARDS, R.I.



"THE GUARDSMAN WHO DROPPED IT"



"THE MAN WHO BID HALF-A-GUINEA AT TATTERSALL'S"

Specially printed and mounted copies, in colour, of these two clever pictures by the famous artist, H. M. Bateman, can be obtained on application to Dept. E, "The Tatler," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Size of work 14 in. by 10 in. on plate-sunk mount 25 in. by 20 in. Copies 10s. 6d. each. Proofs signed by artist, 20s. each. Further pictures by the same artist can also be obtained. Particulars and small reproductions of the entire series will be sent post free on application

# THE BANQUET OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS



SIR HERBERT HUGHES-STANTON, R.A. (PRESIDENT OF THE R.W.S.), SIR FREDERICK COWEN AND SIR ARTHUR PINERO



THE VERY REV. DEAN INGE, SIR THOMAS HORDER, SIR FRANK NEWNES AND LORD BERTIE OF THAME



H.E. BARON ERIK PALMSTIERNA, SIR DAVID MURRAY, R.A. (PRESIDENT OF THE R.I.), THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND THE MARQUESS OF CARISBROOKE



THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER (THE VERY REV. W. F. NORRIS), SIR C. HARCOURT-SMITH AND SIR EDWARD WALLINGTON



LORD PLENDER AND SIR EDWIN COOPER, A.R.A.

The banquet in celebration of the one hundred and twenty-third Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours was held last week at the Institute's headquarters, 195, Piccadilly, Sir David Murray, the President since 1917, taking the chair. As will be observed from the small collection of distinguished names in this gallery, it was a very notable gathering, the Church, Painting, the Stage and the great world at large all being represented. Sir Herbert Hughes-Stanton, who is in one of the groups at the top, has been President of the kindred organisation, the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, since 1920



LORD RITCHIE OF DUNDEE AND LORD WAVERTREE

Photographs by Sasha



LEICESTERSHIRE LADIES WHO JUMP FOR JOY: MRS. GEORGE PAYNTER, MRS. COLIN BUIST (CENTRE) AND MISS SUSAN TILNEY WELL AWAY

## VERY SPORTING PERSONALITIES

The inspiring pictures above, taken on the day the Belvoir met at Goadby Marwood, show three people who ride their own line with the greatest possible enthusiasm. Mrs. Paynter has had the ill-fortune to lose two of her best horses this season



Poole, Dublin

CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD AND HIS NIECE, MISS BETTY McCALL



Poole, Dublin

MR. MARSHALL FIELD AND CAPTAIN ARTHUR BOYD-ROCHFORD, V.C.



Poole, Dublin

MR. AND MRS. J. H. WHITNEY

Dusty Foot's connections photographed shortly before the National. Mr. Whitney has certainly been out of racing luck so far this year, but to such a good sportsman disappointments are all in the game. The remaining two snapshots were taken at Captain Arthur Boyd-Rochford's place in West Meath, Middleton Park, where his brother, Cecil, so well known at Newmarket, has recently been staying. The house-party also included their niece, Miss McCall, and Mr. Marshall Field, who had gone over to Ireland to inspect his stud farm



## A COTSWOLD GALLERY



## AT THE POINT-TO-POINT DANCE

A group at Rossley Manor Country Club, Cheltenham. The names, left to right, are: Mr. Quarry, Mr. Webster, Mrs. Holman, Captain W. F. Holman, and Mrs. Lewis (wife of the Master of the North Ledbury Hounds)



ALSO AT THE DANCE: MR. COXWELL ROGERS, MRS. WINTERBOTHAM AND REAR-ADMIRAL F. A. MARTEN, M.F.H.

## MR. ARTHUR MITCHELL, M.F.H., AND LITTLE ANN HOSKINS

Mr. Arthur Mitchell, who has been joint-Master with Rear-Admiral Marten since 1928 in this pleasant hill-country—fenced by walls—is retiring at the end of this season, to everyone's regret, and in his place comes Captain H. A. Jaffray, from the Brocklesby. Captain Jaffray, according to present reports, will hunt hounds all four days. He has hunted the Brocklesby two days a week, but as they are cutting down from four to two and selling the dog pack, there is only room for Alf. Peaker, the professional huntsman. The Cotswold Point-to-Point dance at Rossley Manor Country Club was a bumper success as all Hunt balls should be



## ANOTHER GROUP AT THE DANCE

Included in the group are: Miss Paterson, Mr. Tom Ponsonby, Mrs. Myles Thompson, Captain Gavin Young, Miss Paterson, Mr. John Ponsonby, Mr. Myles Thompson. The lady in the centre is Mrs. Gavin Young

Photographs: Dennis Moss

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A CLERK in an insurance office answered the telephone and heard a woman's voice saying: "I want to insure my house against fire at once."

"Certainly, Madam," replied the clerk, "I'll send a man along at once."

"There's no time for that, I must do it now," cried the voice at the other end. "My house is on fire!"

In a certain small Highland town there is an abnormally large proportion of left-handed golfers.

"Curious," hazarded a visitor, "that so many in one small place play in that fashion. They were born like it, I suppose?"

"No, no, they weren't," replied the pro. "Most of them would prefer to play right handed, but you see, their fathers died and left them left-handed clubs."

A Scot decided to go into the fish business. So he wrote the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find P.O. for 2s. Kindly send a basket of fish as per advertisement. Do not send cod, hake, plaice, or flukes, but send some middle-cut salmon, a few lobsters, and make up the weight with oysters.

The reply read—

DEAR SIR,—Your P.O. to hand. It is a pity you did not send another sixpence, as you could have had the trawler.

Yours, etc.

An Englishman in China sent for his native cook to congratulate him upon an exceptionally good dinner.

"I hope, Kong Ho, you did not kill one of the pariah dogs to provide the soup," he laughingly remarked.

The cook made a solemn gesture of dissent.

"Me no killee dog, Master," he declared; "him all dead when I pickee him up."



MISS NONI BROOKE AND MISS MERRALL BOUCH-HISSEY

A snapshot taken at Mrs. Dennis Bradley's house on Kingston Hill. Miss Brooke is a daughter of the Rajah Brooke and the Rani of Sarawak, and Miss Bouch-Hissey, who is the daughter of the well-known actress, Miss Mary Merrall, also uses the name Merrall as her nom-de-théâtre



Yevonde

## ALANOVA

The latest picture of this young English dancer, who is so extremely versatile in her talent, as she is a mistress of the classic, the Russian and modern German schools

A certain well-known actress, herself something of a mimic, once objected to an imitation of herself by another comédienne.

"It's not a bit like me!" she exclaimed.

"It's not supposed to be, dear," replied the comédienne; "it's an imitation of you imitating me!"

The officer of the day was going his rounds when he saw that one of the sentries was a very raw recruit, who was having his first spell of guard duties. Determined to find out whether the young man understood his duties, he began to question him.

"If you saw a general approaching, what would you do?"

"Call out the guard," the recruit answered.

"Very good! And if you saw a battle-cruiser coming across the parade-ground, what would you do then?"

"Report to the hospital for mental inspection," was the prompt reply.

The case was just finished, and the man in the dock had been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. The following day the prisoner's lawyer called on his client in prison to arrange an appeal.

"You're a fine lawyer, you are," said the prisoner contemptuously. "Why, all through the case you kept saying, 'Your Honour, I object.'"

"I know I did," returned the lawyer. "You had the benefit of my best legal efforts."

"Then when the judge sentenced me to ten years, why didn't you object to that?"

Ikey had been sentenced, and on reaching prison he was ordered to take a bath. "Vot?" he cried in dismay, "get right under the water? I cannot do it!"

"It's got to be done," said the warder, "so get on with it. How long is it since you last had one?"

Ikey raised his hands to heaven. "I've never been arrested before," he sobbed.

# BE SLENDER

## with Beauty



- Slenderness is desirable, and easily within your reach.
- Slenderness with new beauty of face is even more desirable, and it is equally within reach if you will entrust yourself to the care of Elizabeth Arden.
- Too often weight reduction means diminishing good looks. In Miss Arden's Salons faces are moulded to new loveliness at the same time that bodies are made more slim and graceful. It is very simple. A Giant Roller that kneads you firmly but painlessly, Rhythmic Exercises that are fun (no bulgy muscles are developed...Miss Arden does not like them any better than you do!) Ardena Baths to melt away surplus fatty tissue, and massage to relax your tired nerves...these offer swift means to a new figure.

- Then, after your hour in the Exercise Department, you slip into a softly lighted treatment room and recline in comfort, while your face has the brisk compensating treatment which faces need when bodies are being reduced. Muscles are expertly toned and tightened by quick, cool fingers. Rich creams encourage the contours to remain full and firm...and young. Tingling astringents correct every tendency to flabbiness and give the skin freshness and lustre.
- It is this definite attention to the face as well as the figure, which makes Miss Arden's reducing treatments the first choice of women who give serious consideration to appearance, comfort and health.
- For an appointment at the hour you prefer, please telephone Gerrard 0870.

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# AIR EDDIES

3

By OLIVER STEWART

## Non-Smoking Cities.

IT is time that some non-smoking cities were built, for the smoke-fog evil is becoming increasingly serious. It is not that the fogs themselves are any worse, let me hasten to add, in order to forestall reminiscences about the "pea soup" fogs of the great and glorious past; it is that, with every increase in the speed of transport, their effects are intensified. In the days when men were men and horses were horses and not museum pieces, before that odoriferous Fairey Queen, petrol, came upon the scene, little damage was done to punctuality by fog; for it took something so thick that you could lean up against it to lower the average speed of pedestrians and quadrupedestrians. But a motor-car can have its average speed halved or even divided by ten by a few patches of smoke-fog, and aircraft, as we know, can be altogether immobilised. Most annoying of all is that fog, like a parson at a party, makes its appearance when other weather conditions are good. Fog needs a stable pressure system, a "high," a system when, apart from fog, fine weather might justly be expected. It has been so during the recent spell of fine weather. On three occasions while flying over the west of London I saw fog rolling up, seeping into the fields like ink in blotting-paper, and finally covering completely some of the aerodromes.

Every year three million tons of soot are deposited on the surface of England. A place like Birmingham has been known to do fifty tons a month when it is really trying. This soot pollutes and destroys; but nobody seems to mind that. Its potential value—that is to say, the value of the substances that could be obtained from the solids ejected from factory and other chimneys—has been estimated at £6,000,000; but nobody seems to mind that. Pulmonary disease is greatest where the smoke is worst; but nobody seems to mind that. What they *must* mind, however; what, in the sacred name of efficiency, must be altered, is the disorganisation of all modern forms of transport by this smoke. The means of stopping the ejection of smoke are known. It remains to apply them, and to make those who are too lazy and too reckless of the consequences of their actions apply them. Not only flying would benefit, but also motor-cars and trains. Moreover, there would be the gain in health and in prosperity.

## Flying Inns.

THE numbers of places that are forming landing-grounds of their own, in order to encourage private aeroplane owners and

club members to visit them, are increasing rapidly. I have mentioned The Fountain Hotel of Loughton, Bletchley, Bucks, which has its own aerodrome, and where recently fourteen aeroplanes made a visit on the same day. The Cape Cornwall Hotel is, I believe, the only hotel in Cornwall with its own landing-ground. It is on

the coast, about five miles from Land's End and eighteen from the Scilly Isles. The landing-ground is actually at the gates of the gardens. The Cape Cornwall Hotel is in just the right position to make the final point of call of an air tour of the south-west. Originally the building was a country house, and the alterations that have been made to fit it as a hotel have been ingeniously planned so as to preserve the original character. Nearer London there are many hotels and country clubs establishing their own landing-grounds.

## Athens.

THE British Aircraft Industry is organising an interesting series of exhibits for the Aeronautical Exhibition in Athens from April 1 to May 1. Among these will be the Air Ministry models which demonstrate the

progress that has been made in both Service and civil aircraft in this country. There will also be the Napier engine, which is used extensively in the Greek Navy. This is the engine type with which Sir Malcolm Campbell set up his speed records. The actual one shown in Athens is the series V, and it is sectioned and so arranged that it can be turned round to allow visitors to the exhibition to observe the cycle of operations. The rated horse-power of this engine is 450 b.h.p. at 2000 r.p.m. It was the type used on the cruise by the Royal Air Force from England to Australia and back to Singapore. Four Supermarine Napier "Southamptons," each fitted with two of these engines, did the cruise.

## Air Service Training.

Air Service Training, Ltd., set out from the first not only to teach people to fly, but to give them an education. That Group Captain Barton and Flight-Lieut. Jenkins are succeeding in that aim is beyond dispute. The syllabus of ground instruction is complete, and includes such things as navigation, meteorology, aircraft construction and rigging, international legislation, airmanship, the theory of flight and visual signalling. I hear that at Hamble there are now eight British and foreign pupils taking courses which will occupy them for the next two years. At the end of their courses they will be qualified "B" licence pilots, proficient in instrument flying, holders of "A" and "C" Ground Engineers' licences, and parachute and compass care and maintenance licences.



THROWING A PARTY IN BAGHDAD

A group of fliers and others at a recent cheery party in the noble city of Baghdad, the home town of the Pasha of Many Tales. The names are (left to right), Standing: Squadron-Leader Peter Warburton, M.B.E., Wing-Commander Charles Blount, O.B.E., M.C., Mrs. Charles Breese, Mr. Ivor Jones, Mr. Barclay-Nilhill. (Left to right) Sitting: Wing-Commander R. F. S. Morton, Mrs. Christopher Courtney, Mrs. Bobbie Prescott, Air Commodore C. L. Courtney, C.B.E., D.S.O., Mrs. Hubert Young, (Left to right) Bottom Row: Mrs. Jerry Simson, Squadron-Leader Pat Huskinson, M.C., Mr. Copper Prescott



MAJOR FRANK SMALL

A member of the original Royal Flying Corps, who has turned his attention from flying to motoring and has invented a road surface made entirely of triangular castings of iron. The road is being tried by a number of different municipalities. Wing-Commander Small, of North Weald, is a brother of Major Small

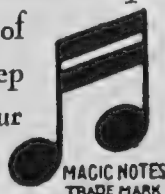
## THE CHOICE OF A POPULAR MUSICAL COMEDY STAR



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electric light. And the cost?—with three valves 32 gns. — with four valves 40 gns. — with automatic record changer 47 gns. Very gradual payments from £2. 14s. monthly if you wish. A postcard to Columbia, 108e, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1., will bring a catalogue giving the fullest particulars, or a free home trial can be arranged.



**Columbia**  
**RADIO-GRAPHOPHONE**



Brandt, Arosa

THE LAST SKI-ERS AND THE FIRST CROCUSES  
Farewell the snow and hail the sun! Not that the sun and the snow are strangers at Arosa, even at the height of the winter-sporting season—but the fire of Spring has definitely ousted the winter garment

COLONEL H. A. TOMKINSON, the newly-appointed Racing Manager to his Majesty, is better known to all his pals as "Mouse," probably because he is not the least bit like that industrious little animal, for he is "lang and leet." I see it said in a respected contemporary that "Mouse" "has had some success as a steeplechase rider." This rather understates the case. Of course, he has not had all the chances he might have had in this country, but, as a good many of us know, he was pretty nearly, if not quite, first-class at a time when the Corinthian form in India was very good indeed. The Royals were in India for a long time before the war, and "Mouse" was only home on the customary spots of leave, including that memorable one in 1913-14 when he got his international polo cap, and was in the team that brought that Cup back. Then came the War, in which he got pretty badly hit, and after that, when people begin to go up the ladder and command cavalry brigades, 'chase riding sometimes goes by the board, even if Anno Domini has nothing to say to it. No one is really at his absolute best at that rough-and-tumble game much after forty-five, excepting in a very rare number of cases. What I mean is, that people are apt to think twice about buzzing them at the last fence as if it were not there after the sap begins to sink in the bark. But at his best there was no better man than my old friend "Mouse," and the Royals then had rather a vintage crop of good men at this business: poor "Kid" for one, the *beau-ideal* of a G.R.; and 'Billie' Miles, who, like "Mouse" Tomkinson, also commanded the regiment later on. A later generation of Royal Dragoons, of course, has kept up the honour of the regiment, as, for instance, Lieut.-Col. Oliver Birkbeck, Master of the West Norfolk, who rides—or rode—a good race point-to-pointing, and Mr. W. W. B. Scott, the retiring Master of the Portman and future Master of the North Cotswold, another—and people who were at Weedon with him will not need me to tell them anything. Mr. Scott's predecessor with the Portman, Captain W. P. Browne, was another Royal Dragoon. Personally, I don't know how he performed, because I never was with the Portman during the time he had them.

At the time of which I am speaking in connection with "Mouse" Tomkinson and some others, like "Kid" Charrington, Kenneth Robertson, even "Rattle" Barrett

## Pictures in the Fire "Sabretache" <sup>By</sup>

and Giles Courage and Tybet Hilliard, the trouble always was the weight. To get the only kind of riding that was any real fun—permission to compete on even terms with the "professors"—it was easiest if anyone could ride 9 st. in jump races, and there were only a few who could do it without a most unpleasant lot of walking about in sweaters. Timothy Evers was one; so were Ikey Barton and Holmes Gresson; Ormonde Winter another; little Casson another; Sammy McCall another; Gerald Deakin another, and Reggie Hobhouse also, and another chap I still know, and little "Peelatt"—17th, I think he was, but am not sure; but you could count them almost on the fingers of one hand—the majority of the G.R.'s being men of a weight more convenient for point-to-pointing. And I do not know of anything more tiring and depressing than wasting and having to do with a 12 o'clock "brunch" of a dry biscuit and a liqueur-glass of Vibrona, or something like that. We always shied off any of the "hard stuff" to keep us going, in my time, because, in the event of a bumper on the sun-baked bosom of Mother India, it was "you for the batty house" in all human probability. Lots of fellows one can remember who got knocked about in falls, polo, 'chasing, and so forth, were never quite the same after it—hard of hearing, perhaps; unable to focus so that they could play any ball game; some lost all sense of smell—rather an advantage in places where the perfumes were *not* of Araby the Blest; but most of them had some trade-mark left on them—not that it was because of what I say, but it is better not to have anything of that sort aboard if you want to get over it quickly. It is such a grand game swinging over things at high speed that it's worth giving it all possible chances and taking it quite seriously—as, of course, so many enthusiasts do.

Some people who write to the papers are beginning to get very nasty about the correct dress for the soldier. One of these persons has had the bravery—or neck, call it what you will—to disparage the kilt. (The Editor of the paper, of course, will not divulge either his name or his address.) He says that he thinks "slacks" are the best covering for military legs, no matter what the occasion or the temperature—and I suppose his opinion is the same about Oxford bags or bell-bottoms? But why not cut out all this cackle and let the fighting man go to war in a peignoir and a bandolier? Suit some of 'em, anyhow.



Swadebe

LORD AND LADY GLENCONNER

A domestic snapshot in their charming house at Hampstead. Lady Glenconner, who was married in 1925, was Miss Pamela Paget, and is the daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget, who is a daughter of the 12th Earl of Winchilsea. Lord Glenconner succeeded to the title in 1920



The ever-growing popularity of Craven "A" among Cigarette smokers of all stations, at home or abroad, is a tribute to their unvarying smoothness and the definite result of quality of leaf, inspired blending and painstaking care in manufacture.

At Arcadia Works, Carreras add to their inimitable knowledge of mature and mellow tobacco crops, every development of scientific making and every scruple of Hygiene in the production of Cigarettes. As a result Craven "A" give constant smoking pleasure—and without risk of harm or irritation to delicate and sensitive throats.

The perfect condition of Craven "A" at packing time is protected against all variations of climate by the "Tru-Vac" hermetically sealed circular Tin and by the dry-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapping around every Packet and flat Tin. Try Craven "A" and mark well the tone and flavour of these unfailingly FRESH cigarettes.



*Twenty..1/- Fifty..2/6 Hundred..5/-*

Arcadia Works (London), set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.



Wherever an Englishman Travels — whatever his pursuits — there you will find Craven "A".

*There are also  
Craven Navy Cut Cigarettes:*

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A".

# CRAVEN "A"

*made specially to prevent sore throats*



MAX SCHMELING, THE BOXING CHAMPION

Who beat Sharkey on a foul and Stribling on a technical k.o. in championship fights, and no doubt is now waiting for the epic moment when he will meet the entertaining Signor Carnera, who is gradually working up towards the high plane demanded of those who aspire to the world's championship. Primo, some of us think, is going to be the acid test

business. But I am not greatly surprised. Rightly or wrongly the R.A.C. apparently wants some solid representative of each appointed hotel to become an associate member at a fee of 2 guineas per annum. Rightly or wrongly some of the hotel people will have nothing to do with this scheme. It is certainly (thank Heaven) no duty of mine to sit in judgment upon this squabble and to make any decision about it, but nonetheless I may be allowed to venture upon a few comments. One is that I am entirely unbiassed, as I believe most motorists are. I cannot recall a single instance in which the exhibition of an appointment sign, either of the R.A.C. or of any other institution, has been the determining factor in regard to a lunch, a dinner, or a bed. Unquestionably I have had admirable service at houses which carried the familiar-coloured enamelled placards, but equally unquestionably I have done just as well at places where these things were neither asked for nor tolerated. One thing, however, I must positively believe, and that is that the R.A.C. (and for that matter the A.A., too) has done its best to solve a problem which, I fear, is quite insoluble. How can any organization be the arbiter of individual tastes? How can it, except at the most enormous expense, keep track of the changes in service that must come with changes in management, and so forth? How can it do its job thoroughly unless (and this is what hotel proprietors seem to object to) it pokes its nose into matters which, at least superficially, are not its own concern. One Boniface observed to me this very last week-end, "My father took this place on in 1865. When I was a boy I had to polish the boots and the knives. And he always said, 'if you do right the business will come to you.' And that's what I've always done, sir, and me and my wife have had happiness. We've never sought, and we don't want, appointments from anyone at all. We know we are just ordinary shopkeepers and that we have got to live on private recommendations." And it almost goes without saying that under the roof of these honest folk I got a meal that was adequate—if it was not very special. And, frankly, I admired their independence. I have just glanced at several hand-books, of the type that every motorist is supposed

## Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON

These Appointments.

I AM sorry to see that our Royal Automobile Club, which has done so much for motordom in the past and clearly has a great chance of continuing its fine work for a long time to come, has been having a spot of bother over the hotel appointment

to take with him on tour, but I have failed to find a mention of this modest caravanserai. Yet if an American friend plopped himself down upon me and demanded to see something of the English "road-house" this is the very place to which I would take him. For my own part I have always been prepared to draw a bow at a venture, and the truth is that hand-books (barring only that marvelous "Dunlop Book," the hotel list which I have never even consulted) are put upon my shelves where they look very decorative and whence they can easily be taken to lend to inquisitive friends. They get returned more often than fiction. Sometimes, of course, I have had some quite ghastly experiences—but these I can readily forget, since they are so overwhelmed by the better ones. Mrs. P. V. and I often yap of that red-blinded window in the heart of Wales, up to which we drew in the mere hope of getting a drink. For we had had a wheel-changing and we were utterly lost. And, over and above the aroma of the paraffin lamps, there was the suggestion of a roasting leg of lamb, and they were prepared to give us a slice or two, and we stopped there for nearly a week, and in the middle of it I took Mrs. P. V.—as a special treat—to the big hotel a few miles down the road, where we had the worst and most expensive lunch I have ever seen served. Thus we came back to where no enamelled ensigns hung in the wind (nor ever will), and I fished the local stream to some purpose. And, by gosh, that old dame knew how to cook a trout! But, as

usual, I am digressing. I give the R.A.C. the credit for the best of intentions, but my humble opinion is that whilst they can deal with broad outlines they can never get down to the details of the problem that confronts them. *Chacun a son goût* says the aphorism and no one in the world can lead me to one's *goût*. But, when in doubt, never ask a policeman about a hotel. If he is an honest man he vouchsafes an opinion entirely confined to beer. Again, too, I am sorry to see that in the matter of appointments of garages,

(Continued on p. xii)



HERR OTTO FURRER

The chief winner of the Kandahar ski race at St. Anton, near Arlberg. Herr Furrer hails from Zermatt. The famous Kandahar ski races have just been concluded in the Austria Tyrol on a course between Salzig Peak, 7,200 ft. high, by way of Bernay's Course, a distance of nearly ten miles to St. Anton, at 4,300 ft. above sea-level. The difficult course was started by 180 men and 50 women, including a number of well-known English ski-runners. The various contests, including the Slalom, were closely contested



ENGAGED: FRÄULEIN HEDWIG LAUTSCHNER AND HERR FREIDL PFEIFER

A ski-wedding in prospect, as both of them are well-known at St. Anton (which is near Arlberg) as expert runners. Both hail from Innsbruck

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

## Says MISS BINNIE HALE:

**"I should like to think that every article I bought gave me as much satisfaction as my latest Austin!"**

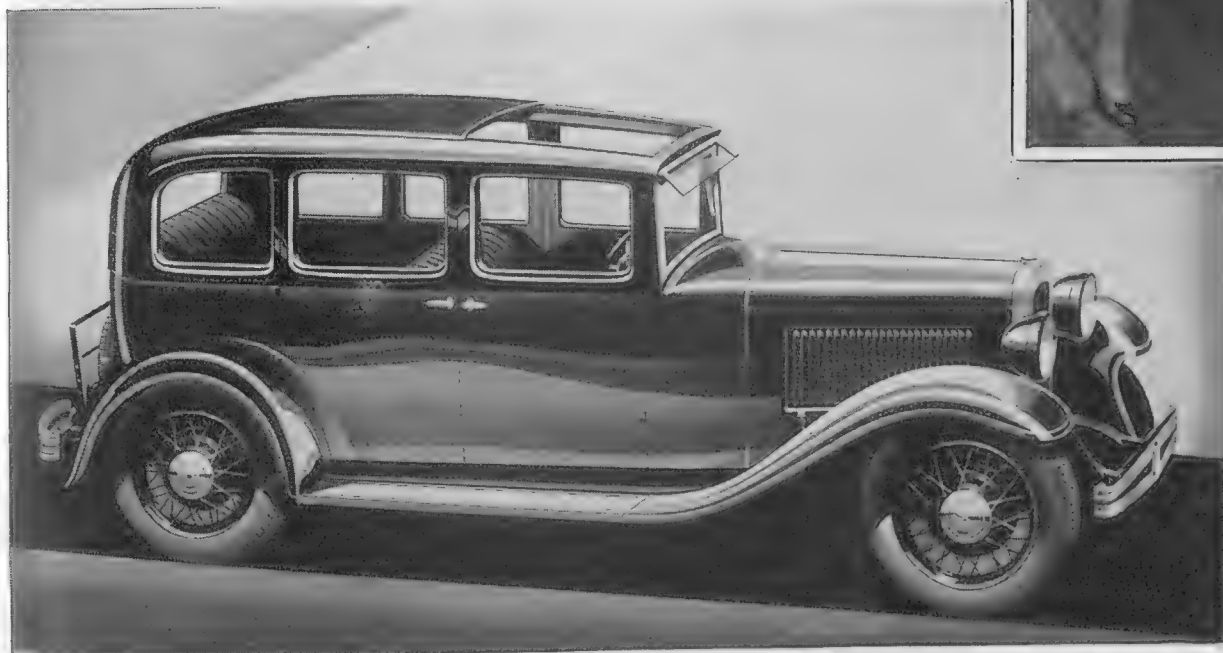
**W**E did not ask Miss Binnie Hale, the famous musical comedy star, to write this tribute . . . she sent it voluntarily. Like thousands of owners who have voiced their appreciation of Austin's dependable service, she felt she *must* express to us her satisfaction. And this is what she says:

"You may remember that I purchased one of your 16 h.p. Saloons last summer, and although it is by no means the first Austin car I have owned, as a practical motorist of considerable experience I feel that an expression of my appreciation

of this model might be of interest. I would like to thank you for the excellent service I have always had from your cars, and should very much like to think that every article I bought gave me as much satisfaction as my latest Austin Saloon.

All motorists who require efficient and care-free motoring and who wish to invest their money wisely, would find it exceedingly hard to select any other car but an Austin."

Any Austin dealer will be pleased to demonstrate the Austin Sixteen for you, without obligation.



THE AUSTIN SIXTEEN BURNHAM DE LUXE SALOON {as illustrated}  
The Sixteen Range includes: Burnham Drop-head Saloon £335; Westminster Saloon £360;  
Windsor Saloon £308; Tourer or Two-Seater £300. Prices at works. Chromium finish,  
Triplex glass throughout and Dunlop tyres standard . . . . .

**£335**

(Prices include  
Twin-Top gearbox)

# AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

**Well I Never!**—continued from p. 526

"That won't do," said Big Ben, "I'm afraid I must insist upon a personal interview, and if I don't get it I shall be obliged to go on striking," and he began again: So there was nothing for it but to fetch the protesting Premier from his bed.

"Now, look here," said Big Ben, when the Prime Minister



AT THE STAFF COLLEGE DRAG POINT-TO-POINT: MR. F. R. C. FOSDICK, AND MR. AND MRS. W. F. BYAS

The Staff College Drag held their Point-to-Point at Ashridgewood, Wokingham, Berks and every soldier man within hail who could get off rolled up. All the seven races filled pretty well and there were twenty-one in the Maiden Nomination Race

arrived, "am I, or am I not, the most important clock in London?"

"Well, I suppose you are," said the Prime Minister grudgingly.

"Very well, then; London is the most important city in the world, and I'm the most important clock in London, therefore I must be the most important clock in the world—that's logic."

"Well, we'll let it pass," said the Prime Minister.

"Undoubtedly I have the finest voice of any clock in the world," continued Big Ben, "they think well enough of it at Savoy Hill to broad-cast it all over the place, anyway, and yet I'm shamefully neglected and treated as if I were a nobody, while other clocks of no importance are made much of."

"But what do you want?" asked the exasperated Premier.

"A cuckoo," said Big Ben.

"A cuckoo!" echoed the astonished crowd.

"But whatever for?" demanded the Prime Minister.

"Well, I don't think that's much to ask for, considering there's a clock in Regent Street that's got a dragon, and every time it strikes the hour a fine St. George in armour rides out and stabs it with his spear. There's another clock that's got little men who come out and strike the hours with hammers, and all I'm asking for is a cuckoo!"

"But it wouldn't be dignified," said the Prime Minister, "we couldn't have a cuckoo clock in the Houses of Parliament."

"Why not?" asked Big Ben.

"Well, just supposing I was about to address the House, and my speech was punctuated every half word by your cuckoo—just imagine it—'Mr. Speaker, sir'—Cuckoo!—it's unthinkable."

"Well, it's no more undignified to imagine than lots of things that go on here," grumbled the great clock, "and anyway, it's a cuckoo or nothing."

"Then it'll be nothing, and that's flat," said the Prime Minister.

"Right-o," said Big Ben. "It's all the same to me; then I go on striking," and once more the great strokes rang out.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the Prime Minister. But Big Ben took no notice.

"Stop" implored the sergeant of police, but Big Ben went on striking.

"Stop" groaned the crowd.

"When I get my cuckoo," said Big Ben firmly.

"Never!" cried the Prime Minister.

Then, with a wicked gleam on his large face, Big Ben started experimenting.

"Dong dong de dong, dong, dong," he said; then he varied it a bit and said: "Dong de, de, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong."

"Stop!" cried the Prime Minister.

"Dong de dong de—dong, dong."

"Stop! For goodness sake, stop! You'll make the place a laughing-stock if you go on like this," cried the distracted Premier, wringing his hands.

"Well, I don't want to be offensive," said the great clock, "but after all, after what's been going on here for such a long while I don't think you need worry about that!"

"Dong de dong de dong de, de dong—dong, dong, de dong de," he said in a fair imitation of "Pop goes the Weasel."

"Stop!" shrieked the now almost hysterical Premier, "Stop! You shall have your beastly cuckoo!"

"Ah!" said the clock, and its face fairly beamed. "I thought we should be able to come to some sensible agreement. Well now, when may I expect it?"

"It shall be arranged as soon as possible," said the Prime Minister, "but remember, no more of this."

"Very well," said the clock, "I promise."

A sudden hush fell upon Westminster and the Houses of Parliament. The crowd sighed with relief and dispersed.

The Prime Minister groaned and returned to Downing Street, Mr. Dumbwhistle shook his head and followed, and the policemen marched to Scotland Yard. The crowds returned to their interrupted slumbers and the pigeons went back to roost in Parliament Square; only Constable Higgins remained.

Suddenly Big Ben's voice spoke again.

"Dong!" he said, and then chuckled. It was one o'clock and deep down somewhere from the inside of his works came the faintest whisper—"April fool!"

Constable Higgins came to with a start and rubbed his eyes, "Well I'll be blowed!" he gasped.



ALSO: CAPTAIN J. D. E. TIARKS AND MRS. TIARKS

Another group at Ashridgewood. Captain J. D. E. Tiarks rode his own Red Robin in the Light Weight 'Chase and was well in the money. One paper recorded a dead-heat between three of which Red Robin was one!

# EMPIRE ELEGANCE

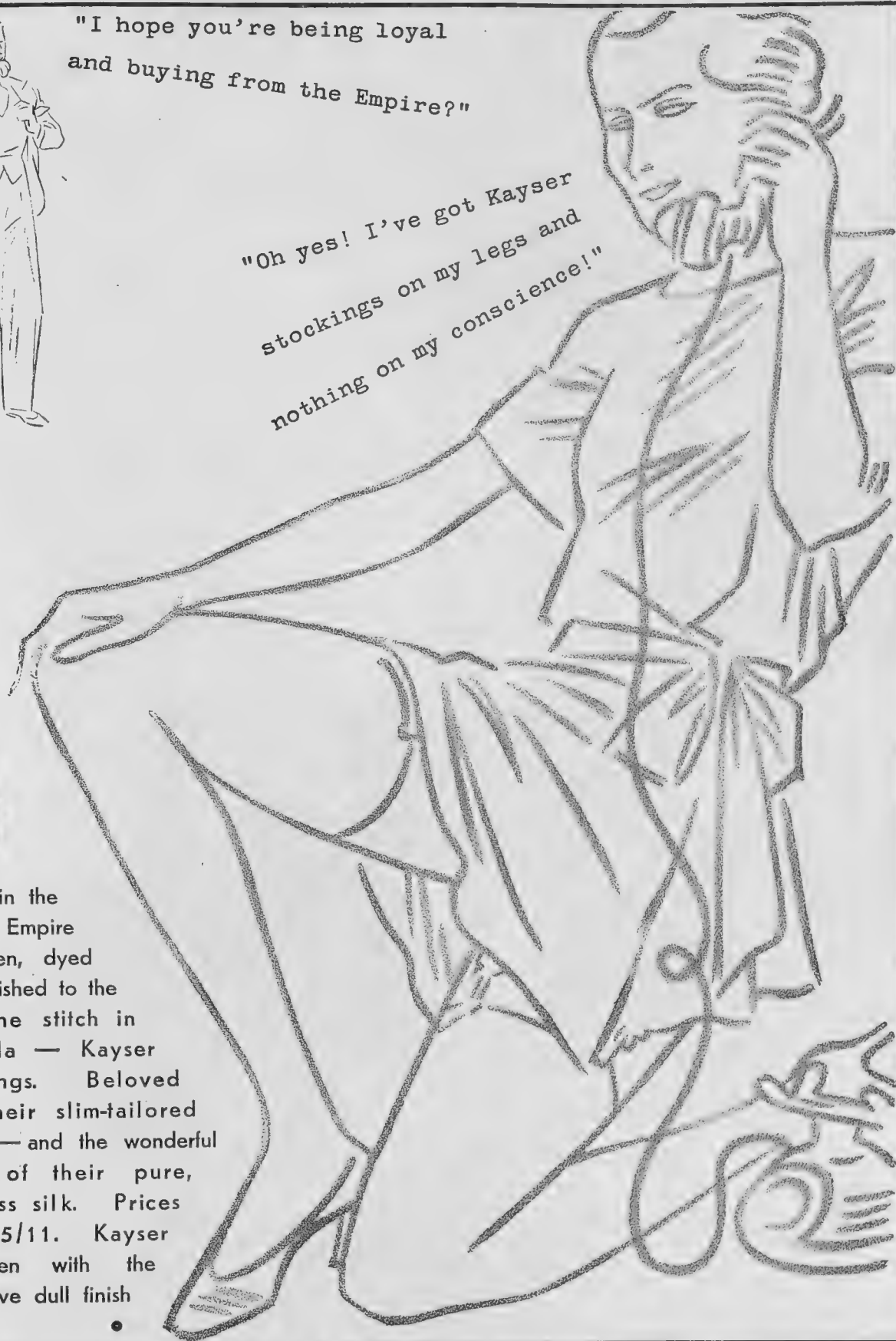


"I hope you're being loyal  
and buying from the Empire?"

"Oh yes! I've got Kayser  
stockings on my legs and  
nothing on my conscience!"



Made in the  
British Empire  
—woven, dyed  
and finished to the  
last fine stitch in  
Canada — Kayser  
stockings. Beloved  
for their slim-tailored  
ankles — and the wonderful  
wear of their pure,  
flawless silk. Prices  
from 5/11. Kayser  
Sansheen with the  
seductive dull finish  
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# KAYSER

THE first county matches, the first county championship, the first open meeting—with these to chat about there is no questioning that the season has started. Add to these the Mason Foursomes, in which Kent, Middlesex, Surrey and Sussex try conclusions with each other, and it seems that



Mrs. Alec Gold, winner (after tying with Miss Fishwick and Miss Chambers) of the Roehampton Gold Cup

## EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

Left: Miss Dodo Butler in action at Chislehurst while helping to hold the Mason Trophy for Kent

we are away with a burst.

Even later in the year the Mason Foursomes would try the best golfers somewhat severely, for bogey is tackled for thirty-six holes, at the end of which the results of the two couples who represent each county are added together. Sixteen down won this year at Chislehurst, and what the rest were shall not be even whispered abroad. Kent, the holders, had

that total, and it says well for them that each of their couples did better in the afternoon than the morning. It was excusable to be alarmed at the beginning; 71 sounds such an appalling bogey to play without the aid of a single stroke for anybody, even if Chislehurst is short. On second acquaintance players knew at least that they had beautifully true greens to putt on; they had realized that every other couple was making plenty of mistakes too. Kent's first pair, Miss Wanda Morgan and Dodo Butler, who were 7 down in the morning, were no worse than 3 down at their second attempt; Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Dorothy Pearson, who had been four down, improved so much that they were only 2 down, and that all added up to the 16 down for Kent. On the other hand Middlesex's first pair, Miss Rabbidge and Miss Marjorie White, who had lunched no

more than 1 down, could not live up to their own excellence a second time.

The Glamorganshire Championship, though only a county affair, always seems like a dress rehearsal for the Welsh one. This year was no exception, for the final, after various vicissitudes, saw the same personnel as fought for national honours last May at Southerndown: Miss Jestyn Jefferies, the reigning Welsh Champion, and Miss Barbara Pyman, who was runner-up for that title in 1930 and 1931, and runner-up for the South-Western Championship at Ferndown last autumn. It was an amazing match. Eighteen holes played, all square, 27 holes played, still all square, and then away went Miss Pyman and won five holes one after the other, for the match 5 and 4, the last hole with a 10-yard putt for an eagle 3. A splendid performance, and it will give Miss Pyman that bit of confidence which would do her golf a world of good.

Could anything be more suitable than that a player named Gold should win the Gold Cup at Roehampton Open Meeting at that precise moment when gold is one of the topics of the hour? Mrs. Alec Gold is beyond dispute *le mot juste*.

There were all sorts of excitements before the cup was really hers, for she shared her 79 with Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Doris Chambers. It was really very instructive and most wholesome for the young idea; the whole course seemed to bristle with golfers only just in their twenties; old gentlemen, perhaps four times that age, who followed with delightful enthusiasm—were persuaded that one of these must carry off the cup; nobody went and watched Miss Doris Chambers, who was swinging the club with such splendid control, playing with her head and, above all, fighting for her figures.

That is where so many youngsters who threw up the sponge at the one bad hole might learn so much from Miss Chambers. She did have a very bad hole at the 12th, but she only played the better after it; she had another disaster at the 17th and her tee shot at the 18th made things very difficult for her, but she ran down her 4-yard putt for her 4 to keep in the 70's. Miss Fishwick just failed to better Miss Chambers' 79 because of a tendency to push the tee shots; Mrs. Gold because of a few putts that were a trifle greedy. But in the replay Mrs. Gold's golf was a delight to watch. With a trifle better putting she would have been 78; as it was her 81 got home by a stroke from Miss Fishwick's replayed round and by 4 from Miss Chambers. The latter took the senior handicap prize at 75 net;



Sunningdale Ladies v. Stoke Poges: Participants in a recent match won by the first-named club. Standing—Mrs. R. O. Porter, Mrs. John Fleming, Miss V. Villiers, and Mrs. Margetts; sitting—Mrs. T. A. Torrance, Miss M. Lett, Miss J. Challis, Mrs. Satchell, Miss Mobbs, Miss Scott, Mrs. Baynes, and Mrs. Durlacher

R. W. End

Miss Livingstone with 77 had the second senior, Mrs. Gold being ineligible; Miss N. E. Coote, translated into the junior division, carried off the first prize with 87—12=75, Mrs. Marsden 93—16=77 after a tie with Miss Moss - Blundell, and Mrs. Stocks and Mrs. MacLeod won the foursomes.



Truman Howell

Miss Barbara Pyman regained the Glamorganshire Championship last week. She beat Miss Jestyn Jefferies, the Welsh champion, 5 and 4 in the final



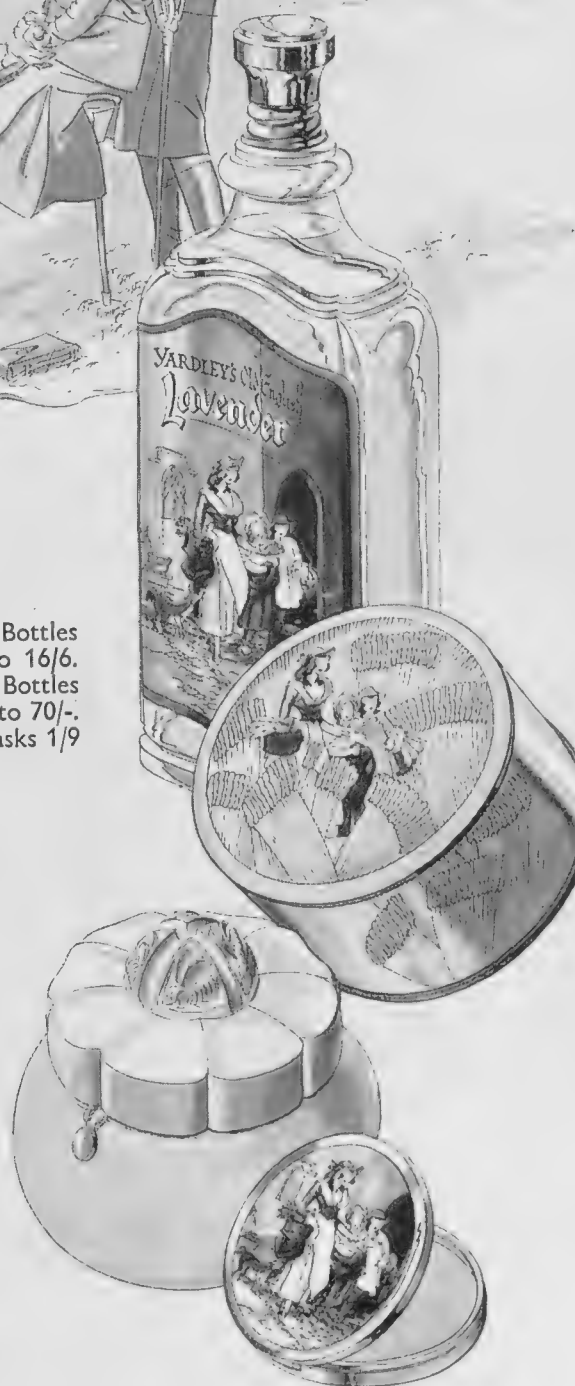
## POINT TO POINT RACES

For Outdoor Sport, in the brisk invigorating air of a Spring day, the fresh clean fragrance of the Yardley Lavender is the one perfume attuned to the mood and moment.

Fashionable women all over the world love its exquisite fragrance. Those who know and can command the best of life's little refinements never tire of the simple and wistful beauty of the Yardley Lavender.

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Sprinkler Bottles  
from 2/6 to 16/6.  
Stoppered Bottles  
from 6/3 to 70/-.  
Pocket Flasks 1/9  
and 3/-.



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☐ The Yardley Lavender series includes: Lavender Soap — 'THE LUXURY SOAP OF THE WORLD' — 2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Cream 3/-, Complexion Powder 1/9, Compact 2/-, Lipstick 2/-, Bath Salts 2/6, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, Talcum Powder 1/2, etc. Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

REAL and simulated lacing appears on many of the new gloves, sometimes the back of the glove is cut away below the wrist, the sides being drawn together with eyeglass cord, each end finished with a crystal stud. Another idea is for black gauntlet gloves to have white insertions, these are decorated with mock laces. Long black evening gloves have wide insertions of cobwebby

lace, there are bags to match. Mittens turn the elbows now and are finished with gauntlets or puffs, naturally they are held in position with elastic



HATS have taken unto themselves a sharp upward curve, this is achieved by the arrangement of the shallow crown, a twist of the brim, a bow, a quill or a motif alighting at an unexpected place. The Glengarry in its newest phase is a most intriguing affair, it extends to the right eyebrow in front and to the base of the skull at the back. It is often reinforced with an oblong bandeau, either massed with small flowers, tiny curls or waves

THE *béret* forms the base of many of the new models, nevertheless it must be stated that the creators always find something to add or something to subtract. There is nothing smarter; it is made in a variety of materials, including felt, fancy straw, woven fabrics, and in *petit point*. There are scarves to match. By the way, these accessories are well-nigh ubiquitous, the latest recruit is of a fancy silk fabric strewn with "Z." They are available in many colour schemes with dark grounds

THE corduroy shower-proof velvet golf coat above and the suit on the right come from Lillywhite's, Piccadilly Circus; the suit has a tweed skirt and a suède coat faced with tweed



By M.E. Brooke

# The Highway of Fashion

THE requirements of the golf as well as other sports enthusiasts are well understood at Lillywhite's, Piccadilly Circus. The corduroy shower-proof velvet golf coat on the left is available in many colours, and three sizes with expanding belt; it is 5 guineas; the green cap which accompanies it being 7s. 6d. The suit on the right with tweed skirt and suède coat is 8 guineas, while the cap is 39s. 6d. A feature is likewise made in these salons of practical equipment for wet weather, there are double texture point-to-point mackintoshes for 37s. 6d., and emergency oil-skin suits in attractive shades; when folded they may be strapped to a caddy bag. Furthermore there is a splendid assortment of two-tone and plain hand-knit jumpers, also plain and checked sports shirts

TOP coats of tweed and other materials have high collars of the military character, large revers, are double-breasted, fastening with either four or six buttons. Sometimes they are reinforced with a belt across the back, the sleeves being decidedly mannish. The waist-line is plainly indicated, the lower portion being innocent of a flare. There is more often than not a double inverted box pleat at the back. A new note is the pocket that is cut on diagonal lines and stitched to suggest an envelope flap. Again there are the collarless coats with removable scarves or capes. Another novel accessory for wearing with these coats is one that encircles the column of the throat, the ends being arranged to suggest elongated epaulettes. White piqué capes will come into favour

EVERY woman needs something that is different, so Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, have created an ideal garment for wearing when the modish garments that have done duty for the formal afternoon function have been discarded. It costs four pounds, and consists of a silk slip, over which is worn a lace dress of the cross-over persuasion; it can be adjusted in a fraction of a second and is trimmed with ruches, and on account of the special fastening it will practically fit anyone. And then they are making a feature of undies and wrappers in the new pink rose voile; it is ever so attractive. There are two-piece affairs consisting of nightie and coatee for 15s., and pyjama nighties with Robespierre frills for the sum of 12s. 11d.

TRAVELLING pyjamas have advanced a step and have annexed a muff; they are expressed in the gayest of printed *crêpe de chine*. When not in use the muff becomes a case. For the slender woman there are *crêpe-de-chine* pyjamas; the trousers are white, while the tuck-in blouse is of Roman striped *crêpe de chine*, a wide patent leather belt completing the scheme. One-piece pyjamas have coats of a contrasting colour with scalloped edges, others with the sailor blouse have very simple piped coatees

PICTURES BY BLAKE

*All for Beauty*



# *A Beauty Treatment* *by* *Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

Nothing could be simpler or more satisfactory than a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER home treatment. It is a carefully balanced scheme of cleansing, nourishing and refining to which your skin responds at once. Devote a few minutes each day to this rational and scientific method of skin care and you will soon see very definite results.

First cleanse your face with LUXURIA to remove every atom of buried dust and grime from the pores. Massage with SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER, a rich, clear cream that feeds and rebuilds the underlying tissues and tones up the muscles. Then pat your face with EAU DE BEAUTÉ Skin Tonic to refresh and brighten it, and, lastly, smooth in a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM to whiten and refine the surface and give your complexion the final charm of transparency and delicacy of texture.

*What make-up should you use?*

*What is the best treatment for your skin?*

Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, and get expert advice. Or write there for a free booklet, "All for Beauty," which tells you how to improve your looks in your own home. Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists. Luxuria, Price 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9; Skin and Tissue Builder and Beautifying Face Cream, Price 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-; Eau de Beauté, Price 4/-, 8/-.

# HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED

## BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

# Spring Smartness

An attractive example of the new individuality in wool jumpers is seen in this Harrods model below; it is made of thick white wool relieved with black; the neckline and sleeves are gauged



Graduated lightning stripes are present in the black and white wool jumper at the top of this page; they are expressed in white angora wool; this conceit has a decidedly softening effect; there is a smart hat and scarf to match; the former may be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the wearer, and is non-crushable

The jumper with cowl front and puff sleeves is an original Harrods model, and is carried out in the finest Shetland wool showing a Scotch plaid design; it is of gossamer-like texture and is available in several delicate pastel shades; the hat which accompanies it is of nacre straw, that suggests the elusive shades seen on the inside of an oyster shell; rather wide ribbon velvet encircles the dome crown



There are endless novelties at Harrods, Knightsbridge, including the black kid gloves pictured; they are laced at the back, while the bag is of disc calf

There are sports suits for wearing with these jumpers; they are becoming, moderate in price, and endowed with individual notes; some have corselet skirts

Crystal buttons have been used to decorate the black kid gauntlet gloves on the left; the morocco bag is reinforced with a chain

handle which is destined to harmonise with the fashionable plated metal link necklaces

# BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE :: W. 2

TELEPHONE :: :: PARK 1200



## DISTINCTIVE CLOTHES AT MODERATE PRICES

TRANMERE.—A light-weight  
THREE-PIECE Knitted Suit, with  
Coat and Skirt in pin-stripe design,  
and marl Jumper to tone. Various  
colours, in sizes 36, 38,  
40, 42 ms.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  GNS.



SANDOWN.—A distinctive "Bradley"  
model Tailor Suit, with beautifully cut  
coat, white piqué waistcoat, and skirt  
with pleat at one side and "turn-up"  
hem. MADE TO ORDER in a variety  
of materials; patterns and estimates will  
be sent upon request.

VENTNOR.—A delightful ensemble de-  
signed and made by Bradleys in fine Crêpe  
Lainage. Gown is finished with double  
rows of tucking and contrasting shades of  
crêpe at neck. The smart, untined Coatee  
has a very becoming cape effect. In black,  
navy, marron, beige, rouge, and new blue.  
GOWN AND COAT  
COMPLETE -  $10\frac{1}{2}$  GNS.

### A NEW HAT?

You will like the new and very be-  
coming millinery which is now being  
displayed in Bradleys' Salons. The  
hats really are different—smart—and  
inexpensive.....why not see them?

**Bradleys**  
Chepstow Place<sup>LD</sup>  
London, W.2.  
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

# The Highway of Fashion

—continued

A new department has been opened at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, for "sportswear that is ready to wear." A certain number of suits taken from the model department are made up into four sizes and at two prices, 8½ and 9½ guineas. The coat and skirt on the right in herringbone tweed is 8½ guineas; it is reinforced with a piqué vest



It is not a cape; neither is it a coat, that is worn by the seated figure on the left, but one of those accessories that are seen in the model department at Fortnum and Mason's; it has a fur collar, short sleeves, and soft revers. The evening dress is of black madiana, the cape is attached, while the narrow green belt is knotted at the side. There are wool and cashmere jumpers of every kind as well as riding and golf gloves. These salons are the home of the Z scarves, which look so smart caught with a rather large kilt pin



These dresses have been created for morning, afternoon, and evening. They are developed in fancy hapsac madiana and tweed. They have gone into residence at Fortnum and Mason's

Ell  
Fulton.

# NuBack...

TRADE MARK PATENTED

THE CORSETRY THAT  
WILL NOT RIDE UP

You know that uncomfortable and tantalizing habit so many corsets have of riding up on the figure. Dare to exercise a limb . . . indulge in a vigorous drive or bend to tee the ball and your Corset has moved up out of place and out of fit.

Nu-Back Corsetry definitely prevents this. It is expressly designed too . . . to give a permanently snug fit and comfort throughout the longest day. And the secret? Simply that it is fashioned on the same principle as the muscles of the back. It works naturally with them, the clever patent back section extending when you stoop or sit (this is shown by the dotted line in the smaller illustration.) When you stand up, it contracts smoothly and unnoticeably.

## CORSETRY AT

The model illustrated is in exquisite, batiste-lined poplin and hand-knitted elastic. It is also fashioned in a wrap style. Made in the latest shade 'Tea Rose.' Price: 21/9.

Sizes: 32 - 38 ins. bust.



# HARRODS

## THIS IS THE COVER . . .



and  
this  
is  
the  
lovely  
Signed  
Portrait

of  
**GRETA  
GARBO**



Given away with the April No.  
**ON SALE NOW**

**Racing Ragout**—continued from p. 520

The Molyneux is generally a good guide to the early two-year-old form and Trustful the winner can probably go above a bit. Stage Door may have been a shade unlucky and is useful, while Mr. Beer's Figaro showed very good speed. Before this race, Sir Alfred Butt bought the favourite, Little Flutter Colt, for, it is said, a large sum on the strength of a home gallop. In the race he failed to reach the first three, which must have been a disappointment to his new owner, and even more so to his previous owner, Mr. "Boydie" Davis, and only goes to show how wrong one can be in one's trials.

The rest of the flat-racing was of little interest, and those who elected to bet on handicaps framed on last year's running have only themselves to blame if they came away bootless. Nevertheless it was tactless and ill-chosen of the zealot who for zeal or lucre carried a sandwich board up and down outside the exit on which was the text "Oh, ye rich men, weep and mourn for the misery which is yet to come upon you," after the worst Lincoln and Liverpool that has been experienced for years.

Presumably, Liverpool is a rich course and might be able to pension the two elderly gentlemen who sat at the receipt of custom at

the entry to the county stand. The one who had to take the names was practically deaf and a more than moderate caligraphist while his colleague had no change, and every time he was given a tenner for a 6 guinea badge had to subtract on paper to get the answer. As he seldom got the result the same he took the best of three shots, and a frenzied queue of people stood waiting on the steps, in the draught, while he did it.

Well, another National is relegated to the past and one begins to wonder whether, under present conditions, it is worth all the trouble and expense to risk seeing what so often boils down to only a couple of horses getting round without mishap. It isn't enough to have two stone the best horse in the race. You can win it with a moderate animal if your luck is in, and you haven't an earthly if it isn't. The next big race is the Queen's Prize at Kempton, and for those who like handicaps, Advancer, fit from hurdling and vastly improved, must have a great chance.



O'Brien

**AT THE TIPPERARY POINT-TO-POINT**

A group taken between races. The names, left to right, are: Mr. Grogan, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bart., M.F.H., who has been Master of the Tipperary since 1928; Mrs. Hall, M.F.H. (the Carlow), Sir Hercules Langrishe, Bart., a famous ex-Master of the Kilkenny, and Lady Ainsworth snapped at the Tipperary Hunt Point-to-Point Races. Mr. Grogan hunts the Carlow for Mrs. Hall

At the time this goes to press it is comforting news to learn that Mr. Thackray, who was badly concussed when Gregalach fell with him in the Grand National, is slightly better. The fence at which the accident happened was No. 12 (and 28), a 5 ft. thorn hedge with a 5 ft. 6 in. ditch on the landing side 4 ft. deep—and also there is a bit of a drop.

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À-TÊTE**

In the fragrance of PLAYER'S new interests spring into being.. ways and means are discussed and conversation runs its happy course.

**PLAYER'S**

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES  
100 BOXES 4'8" • FLAT TINS OF 50 2'6"

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## Navy Serge Costume

WELL-TAILORED skirt attached to cotton bodice on sizes 4 and 5, and elastic waist-band on larger sizes. Coat lined artificial silk. Also in fawn or saxe Tweed. Suitable for ages 8 to 16 years. (British.)

Sizes: 4 5 6  
Prices: 47/6 49/- 50/6  
7 8 9  
52/- 53/6 55/-

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CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD  
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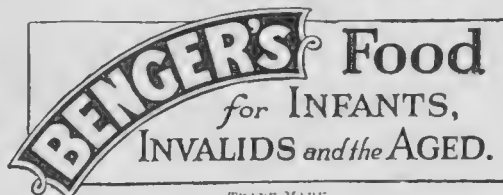
Baby Hayes.  
Aged 2 years.

## Growing time is Benger time

Children grow most rapidly at the time they are studying hardest. To avoid the ever-present danger of eager and over anxious scholars outgrowing their strength, Doctors advise giving extra nourishment in that best of all forms—Benger's Food.

Growing time is Benger time. During this all-important period, see that your children, especially those who are overgrowing or backward, have a cupful of Benger's Food. Serve it at lunch time in addition to ordinary food, and at bed time.

"I have a home for young and delicate children and every fresh child which comes under my care is at once put on a diet of Benger's Food." Nurse—



TRADE MARK.

Write for the Benger's Food Booklet containing many valuable hints to mothers with backward children—post free.

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.  
NEW YORK (U.S.A.)—41, Maiden Lane. SYDNEY (N.S.W.)—350, George Street. CAPE TOWN (S.A.)—P.O. Box 732.

## rheumatism LUMBAGO · SCIATICA

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Always relieves pain

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Your Horoscope cast by astrologer of many years' world repute. Life's Prospects, Possibilities described. Health, Marriage, Finance, Business Guidance, Events, Changes, etc. Send P.O. 1/- Birth date, stamped addressed envelope for expert delineation, the accuracy of which will amaze you. Elroy Studios (T.R.19), 37, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Innumerable unsolicited testimonials received.

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For full specification of this and all other types of Portable Buildings, write for our 156-page catalogue. No. 7.114.

**BROWNE & LILLY LTD.**  
THAMES SIDE, READING.

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 546)

A book, a present of which I have been promised by an old and valued friend, Colonel "Shabash" Melvill, late 17th and 17th/21st Lancers, is "Ponies and Women," and which, I understand, is due for publication by the ancient firm of Jarrolds some time in April. It is sure to be a book which will interest most soldiers and all polo players, because it is really a record of "Shabash's" career in both capacities. He was the 17th No. 1 during all that brilliant period in Inter-Regimental polo from 1913 (in India) onwards, and, as we know, subsequently got his cap for England. The chapters, I see, are divided up as follows:

I—Wellington, Sandhurst, and Gibraltar. II—India: First Impressions. III—India: Work and Play. IV—Germany. V—The War, 1914-17. VI—The War, 1918. VII—Post-War. VIII—The Spanish Disaster in Morocco, 1921. IX—Spain. X—The United States. XI—Miami. XII—America Again: International Polo. XIII—India. XIV—Australia. XV—Soldiering. XVI—Ponies and Women.

It is always rather dangerous to write about the ladies, and the Scotsman who made that ill-judged remark about their being "kittle cattle to shoe ahint" was braver than most of us. What "Shabash" has said about 'em I don't know—yet; but there is that old Arab proverb which says that true bliss is only to be found in two places—on the back of a horse and in the arms of your beloved! I feel certain that the author of "Ponies and Women" is all there in both situations.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. LASCELLES  
AND LORD CONYERS

Who were racing together as may be said last week. Mrs. Lascelles was Miss Betty Manners and is Lady Robert Manners' only daughter. She was married in January. Lord Conyers is Lord Yarborough's son and heir

A semi-demi official from the U.S.A., dealing with the operations of the clever firm of amateur sleuths, Messrs. Spitale and Bitz (in private life, vintners by trade), says that the senior partner has a bootlegging interest in Detroit. In the next breath we are told that the firm itself has been acquitted on a charge of rum-running in New York. Whilst, therefore, Messrs. Spitale and Bitz are Rum Rajahs in New York State, it seems as if they might still be Booze Badshahs in Detroit? But to the mere doggone Britisher these nice legal distinctions are rather bemusing. Under our, no doubt obsolete, legal system, a Beer Emir, or a Whisky Wazir in Merionethshire, would still be the same person even if he travelled to Barnsley, Blackpool, or Broughty Ferry.

A further contribution of £10 has been sent to me on account of the Old War Horse (Egypt) Fund by Mrs. M. B. Jackson, Belgaum, India, accompanied by a very kind letter in which she expresses her appreciation of all that Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke is doing for these poor old down-and-outs, who are and have been going through something a lot worse than battle-fighting can ever be—and horses and other animals have a pretty thin time at that anyway. But what these poor old derelicts have had since they were left behind is a dashed sight worse. Seeing how hard up everybody is, I think the response to this appeal has been marvellous. Of course I can only speak of what has been sent in to me through this paper, but a lot has been sent in direct to Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants, and in due course Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke intends, I understand, to direct a short statement to be published. The organiser is at present in Cairo, where Colonel Geoffrey Brooke commands the Cavalry Brigade.



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SPECIAL RESERVE  
Scotland's Choicest  
Standard  
Blend



WHEN YOU REACH THE  
"NINETEENTH HOLE"  
DRIVE OFF WITH A



FIVE STAR  
OLD LIQUEUR  
For very  
Special  
Occasions

# Crawford's

## LIQUEUR

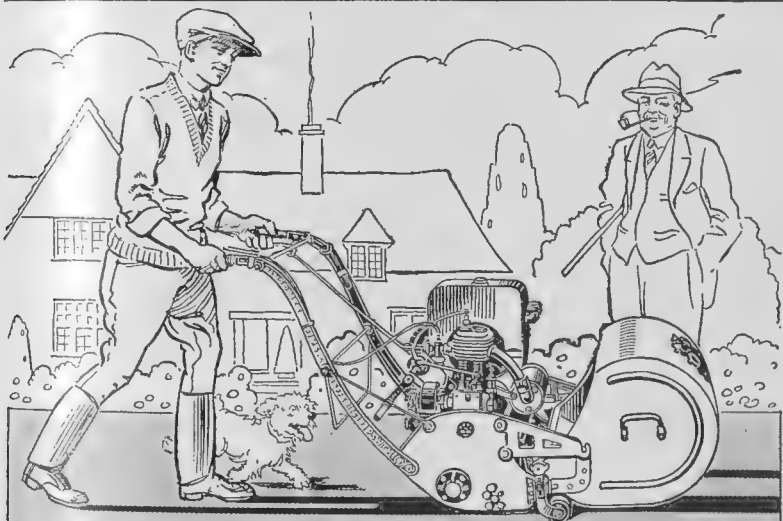
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A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.  
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

**The Soap  
that protects  
your health**



**WRIGHT'S  
COAL TAR SOAP**  
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### THE BEST WAY—

Before purchasing your new Motor-Mower, let RANSOMES arrange a *Free Demonstration* on your own lawn or Sports Ground. No obligation whatever incurred. *Write to-day.*

This offer enables you to choose the Best and most Economical type of Mower suited to your needs.

Prices from **£29.10.0** less 5% cash.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED. MANY MODELS.

CATALOGUES WILLINGLY.

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**For Any Weather  
And Every Day**



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A better coat you cannot buy whatever price you pay. It is light to carry and is exceedingly comfortable to wear. Every Valstar Weathercoat carries the Valstar label, which guarantees sterling service and unflinching satisfaction.

Leading outfitters and stores will be pleased to demonstrate these superior qualities, and to prove beyond doubt that the Valstar is THE Weathercoat which best answers your every need.

**VALSTAR  
WEATHERCOAT**

*Valstars for Ladies can be obtained  
from 52/6 to 70/-*

Sold by leading stores, drapers and outfitters.  
If you have difficulty in obtaining, write to  
the manufacturers for patterns, name of  
nearest retailer, and descriptive literature.

J. MANDLEBERG & COMPANY, LTD.  
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## Next Month.

There is the usual large crop of weddings arranged for April to avoid the "unlucky" month. On April 2, Mr. C. H. C. Haslam and Miss S. L. Assheton are being married quietly in Eton College Chapel; on the 6th, Mr. Cecil Orr, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, marries Miss Violet Kane at Holy Trinity Church, Hawley; the 21st is the date arranged for the wedding of Lieutenant R. M. G. Gambier, Royal Navy, and Miss R. C. James, which is to take place in Gibraltar; on the day before Mr. Kenneth Johnston and Miss Honor Ramsay are being married in Canterbury Cathedral; Mr. Edward Hodgson, Welsh Guards, and Miss Barbara (Bay) Davies are to be married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on the 16th; and on the 19th, Mr. Frank Baldock and Miss Gwladys Norrington are to be married at St. John's Church, West Byfleet.

## Recent Engagements.

Captain Guy Edward Ross Stewart Hartigan, M.C., 3rd Q.A.O. Gurkha Rifles, the son of Colonel and Mrs. E. R. Hartigan of Bognor Regis, Sussex, and Miss Evadne Evelyn Abell, the daughter of the late Mr. J. H. Abell and Mrs. Abell of Stoney Gate, Leicester; Mr. William Henry Felling, District Officer, Kenya, the son of the late Sir Christian Felling of Nairobi, and Johannesburg, and of Lady Felling, and Miss Muriel Linnet Hepburn,

WEDDINGS  
AND  
ENGAGEMENTS

Bassano

## MISS ELEANOR HERRON

The elder daughter of the late Mr. Kenneth Chester Herron and Mrs. Francis Hill, who is to marry Mr. Joseph B. R. Brooke, the second son of Mr. William J. Brooke of St. Vincent House, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire



Hay Wrightson

## MISS SHEILA SEELY

Who is going to marry the Hon. Charles FitzRoy, the son of Lord and Lady Southampton. She is the second daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Seely, and of Mrs. Seely of St. George's Hill, Arnold, Notts



Bertram Park

## MISS VALENTINE PIRIE

Whose marriage takes place on May 10, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Mr. Henry Arthur Hohler, Grenadier Guards. She is the only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Pirie, D.S.O.

Jay, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. William C. P. Jay of White Lodge, Datchet, Windsor; Mr. Charles Ian Ritchie Hutton, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hutton of Crutherland, East Kilbridge, Lanarkshire, and Miss Mariel MacKenzie, the only daughter of Mr. A. O. M. MacKenzie, K.C., Sheriff Principal of Lanarkshire.

## An Autumn Wedding.

The marriage has been arranged to take place in September between Mr. William Barnard Atkins of Paris, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Atkins of Richmond, and Miss Joan Hunt, the daughter of the late Captain A. Langley Hunt and Mrs. Hunt of Pippas Ford, near Ipswich, and granddaughter of the late Mr. Henry Powell of Middle Temple.

Paris in Springtime  
inspires Revillon

The gay note of novelty that Spring demands is sounded most engagingly at Revillons' in these new four-piece ensembles. As in the model illustrated, knitted hat and pullover and skirt tone with a fur bolero. In their exclusiveness, in their variety, in the marked moderation of their prices, these happy innovations well typify Revillons' Spring Collection — short coats in all furs for sports and afternoon wear, and models in cloth, in tweed, and in silk, fur-trimmed and unadorned. Parisian in their inspiration, they are all London-made in Regent Street.

The photograph shows a typical ensemble in brown, of knitted wool and Chinese ermine — 52 guineas. Separately, the bolero is 40 guineas, the sleeved pullover with its multi-coloured scarf 5 guineas, the skirt 5½ guineas, and the hat 2½ guineas.

# Revillon Frères

AUTHENTIC FURS

180 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1  
PARIS, NEW YORK



JAY'S LTD. REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

*Test this amazing Kolynos antiseptic foam with its Unique Dry-Brush Technique that gets astonishing results—quickly restores teeth to their natural, gleaming whiteness by removing Mouth Germs*

If the mere thought of your teeth causes bitter regret, switch to Kolynos. Within a few days you will discover to your delight how brilliant and sparkling white your teeth can be.

As your dentist will tell you, ugly yellow discoloration, decay, and even gum troubles are unnatural. They have a common source in a condition that confronts all of us—all the time.

It is due to germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath. They thrive and attack teeth and gums.

Prevent this condition and teeth whiten amazingly. The ordinary tooth-paste won't do it. But Kolynos will. It quickly and safely kills the germs that attack teeth and gums.

#### **Dentists Approve Amazing Dry-Brush Technique**

Use no water with Kolynos. It is totally different from any tooth-paste you have ever used. It permits the wonderfully effective Dry-Brush Technique, approved by dental authorities. For each brushing, a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush is prescribed.

As soon as it enters the mouth Kolynos instantly multiplies 25 times.

It becomes a surging, antiseptic foam, cooling, refreshing and smooth.

This foam gets into every crevice, pit and fissure. It kills germs, the presence of which leads to decay and gum troubles. It purifies oral tissue and neutralizes acids that attack the enamel. It combats tartar.

Without injury to teeth or gums it cleans teeth down to the naked white enamel—makes them sparkling white as they were in your childhood.

#### **Safeguards Beauty**

For 3 hours after each brushing this famous Kolynos antiseptic foam continues to clean teeth and guard you against Mouth Germs.

Switch to Kolynos and see how gloriously white your teeth can be. Brush teeth and gums vigorously morning and night—using the Dry-Brush Technique. Within 3 days your teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look firmer, pinker. Your mouth will feel cleaner and fresher. And you'll understand why this amazing dental cream is winning thousands of new users every day. Get Kolynos—the antiseptic dental cream—from your chemist to-day.

# KOLYNOS

*the antiseptic Dental Cream.*

**MADE IN ENGLAND**

**A  
PERSONAL  
PAR.—**

You need never suffer embarrassment from mouth odours if you use Liquid Kolynos as a mouth-wash and gargle. Its antiseptic, deodorizing properties are so concentrated that 15 drops in a third of a tumbler of water will instantly neutralize all trace of odour. This will suffice for several rinsings of the mouth at a time. Get the sprinkler flask to-day. 1/9 of all chemists, or post free from Kolynos (Dept. L.E. 36), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.



*Exceptional  
Value*

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NEW READY-  
TO-WEAR  
DEPARTMENT**  
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**EVENING  
WRAP**  
**6½**  
GUINEAS

*EVENING WRAP with the new gauged sleeves and an extra wide wrap. In a good quality black Ring-velvet, lined with black-and-white-patterned crêpe-de-Chine, and trimmed with a handsome collar of white rabbit. Price 6½ gns.*

**JAY'S**  
*Established nearly a century. Ltd*  
REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 548

repairers, and such like, the R.A.C. (probably not alone) has its minor troubles. Here, too, I am like Gallio; and an "appointment" means far less to me than the apparent ability of the place to carry out the work I want done. One glance round generally suffices; and upon that I set far greater store than by any sign. It was, of course, very different in



SIR GEORGE BEHARRELL, D.S.O., THE PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRIES

At a meeting of the Grand Council of the Federation of British Industries. Sir George Beharrell, D.S.O., managing director of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was nominated to succeed Sir James Lithgow as President of the Federation for the coming year. Subject to confirmation, Sir George Beharrell will enter upon his new office some time next month. Sir George is also a director of Imperial Airways, and during the War was Director-Minister of Munitions and Inspector-General of Transportation as well as holding many other important appointments

the old days, when anybody who could put a bicycle frame together made out to be a motor manufacturer. Then it was highly necessary that something should be done to separate the sheep from the goats. But it is quite another thing now. The man who cannot tell, after a brief inspection, whether a hotel is good or bad, and whether a garage is good or bad, may have our commiseration . . . but he deserves most of what he gets. Appointments, doubtless, are all very well in their way, but if they were all washed out I question if we should be much worse off.

#### Insurance.

Just about a year ago, when certain legislation came into force, there was much talk about the

insurance companies giving some concessions to us poor motorists. And, as we rode upon our motor-omnibuses and admired the classical edifice, that they had built for themselves, we felt it was about time that something came to us. So far, nothing of any importance has materialized. On our part, we have four-wheel brakes, bumpers fore and aft, Triplex (or some other kind of safety) glass, petrol tanks at the rear (for the installation of which Singer deserves great praise, in the realm of cheap cars), and so forth; but those who india-rubber stamp their names on policies do not seem to give us much credit for all these advancements. W. G. A.

At this season of the year the average man becomes mechanically-minded. His thoughts turn, according to his bent, towards the car that needs a little pre-season tinkering, or the mower that will, he hopes, see him through another summer. Whether the thoughts incline to motoring or the more subtle occupation of the gardener, the accompanying picture is of particular interest. It shows the club-house of the Huntercombe Golf Club near Henley-on-Thames, and in the foreground one of the new Atco *de luxe* motor-mowers engaged in maintaining the fairways. In the latter connection there was interesting correspondence between Captain J. O. Anderson, the secretary of the Huntercombe Club, and the manufacturers of the Atco motor-mower, towards the end of last year. It seems that Captain Anderson in acknowledging some work carried out by the local Atco Service Depot referred in glowing terms to the efficient service given by the machine and the depot. Naturally, the local Atco Service Depot sent the letter on to the head office at Birmingham, from where it was duly acknowledged. The result was a further letter from Captain Anderson, who said his former letter "was but a genuine expression of the excellent service rendered."



A NEW ATCO DE LUXE MOTOR-MOWER AT THE HUNTERCOMBE G.C., HENLEY

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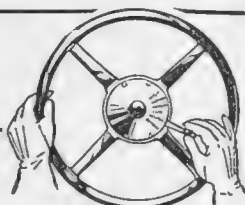
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3 Coach-  
work  
Prizes

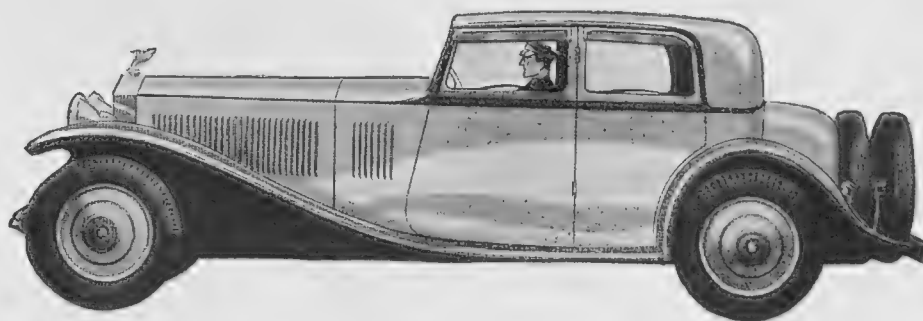
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ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS  
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"We all know the silky car with a luxurious closed body which represents the acme of comfort through town and country.

It is not generally known however that Rolls-Royce produce a modified form of this car which, whilst possessing the smoothness and comfort of the standard model, has marked

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This Continental Touring Saloon combines in a high degree the features of smoothness, silence and ease of control, together with speed of a most satisfying character."

*Sunday Times 24th January 1932*

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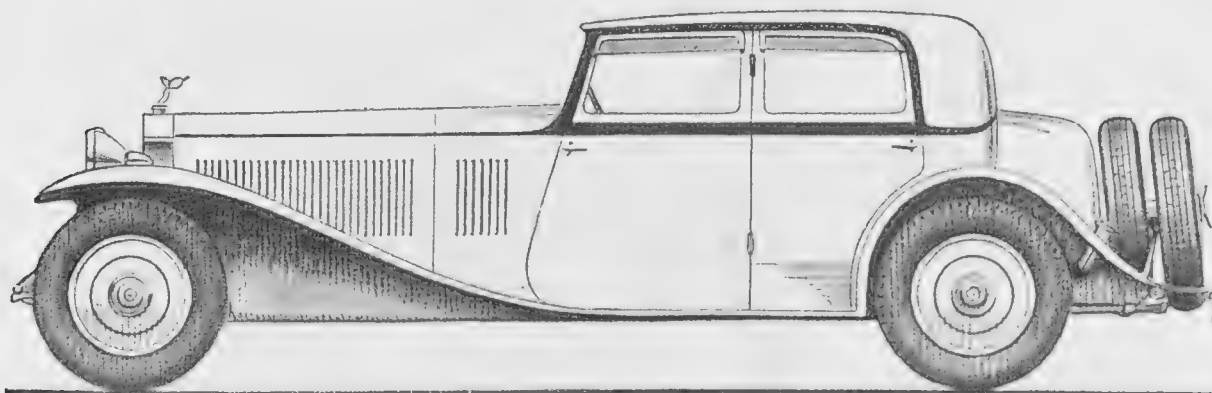
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ALL THE LEADING MOTOR CARS

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H.I.M. The Shah of Persia.  
H.I.M. The Emperor of Japan.

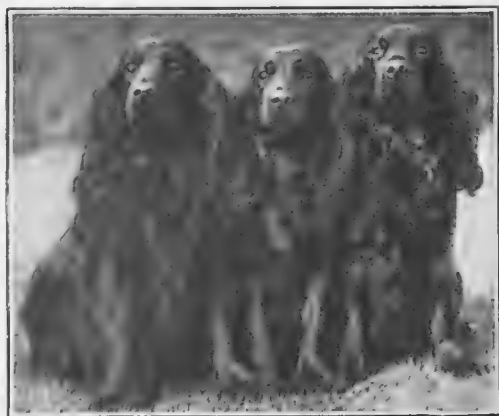


A Hooper Rolls-Royce

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

One of the most remarkable and cheering signs of the last few months has been the way the dog cult has kept its end up. During the fateful days of September and October it staggered a little, but soon recovered, and has gone on its way quite unperturbed. Entries at shows are excellent, and there has actually been a greater demand for dogs. This is probably accounted for by the fact that many people who usually go abroad and move about a good deal, have perforce to remain at home, and have discovered the charm of a dog as a companion. Having a hobby such as dog breeding gives unending pleasure and amusement, and is not prohibitively expensive. There is also a great deal of interest taken in the training of dogs, as is evinced by the crowds who watch the Obedience Tests; this opens a new field. Everyone can train his dog, with great advantage not only to the dog, but to the trainer.

Mrs. Lane started her kennel of cockers two years ago, purely as a hobby. She says: "I find it most interesting. It's quite a small kennel, about ten dogs. I am trying to breed good cockers; I am quite a beginner." Now,



COCKER SPANIELS  
The property of Mrs. Lane

even she showed one of her bitches at the K.C. Show and took six prizes, and one knows what the competition in cockers is. Mrs. Lane does not want to keep many dogs, so wishes to sell these three whose picture we give. She would like them to have good country homes, which is more important than price; one of these dogs got four prizes at the K.C. Show. Mrs. Lane also has some young puppies for sale. It can be seen what a good type these cockers are.

Everyone will be interested to see the picture of the famous



Malcolm Nicholson  
MICHAEL OF SILVERLANDS  
The property of Mrs. Burdoo Wilkinson

Field Trial Champion Cocker, Michael of Silverlands, the property of Mrs. Burdoo Wilkinson. Michael had a wonderful season, ending by winning 1st novice Any Variety at the Welsh Springer Spaniel Meeting, equal 1st at the Cocker Club Trials in the Open Stake, 1st in the Open Any Variety and the All-aged Stake Any Variety at the Southern Counties Trials, and finally won the Cocker Championship. Michael is a most attractive dog to watch, as he is full of dash and yet under perfect control. It is rarely that a cocker wins an Any Variety Stake.

The bull mastiff is a comparatively new-comer to the show bench. He has great qualities as a guard, and also as a staunch companion, devoted to his owner. Miss Jane Lane, so well known in poodles, is one of the people who have taken him up, and she can't speak too highly of him. She has a young dog for sale, over distemper, and a winner at Cruft's. She says, "He is absolutely kind and quiet, leads well,

and is used to other dogs." The photograph is of his guardian and his half-brother. Miss Lane also has two white poodle ladies for sale, six months old, over distemper, very good looking, and well bred, but for sale cheap, as their teeth are marked by distemper. Miss Lane says these two are lovely and most attractive, so this is a chance. She is now settled in her new premises, which are half-way between London and Brighton, 200 yards off the main road. She will be delighted if anyone will call and see the dogs. She has at present five pupils, but has room for more.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



BULL MASTIFFS  
The property of Miss Jane Lane

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C.F.H.

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.

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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for a single woman, aged forty-five, who is suffering from bronchitis and diabetes. Her only income is her sick benefit of 8s. 6d. a week. She lives with a friend who is extraordinary kind and good to her; she is a working woman herself, and they share the small expenses of their home together. Her father was a tailor who died when she was a baby. Her widowed mother supported herself and the child by laundry work. Later the tables turned and she supported her mother by the same kind of work till the old woman died. For the last ten years of her life the mother could not walk at all, which greatly added to the daughter's burden. In 1916 her fiancé was killed in action, and she has no relatives left to help her. Never very strong, the heavy laundry work proved too much for her strength, and soon after her mother died she began to fail in health, thyroid trouble set in and caused weakness of the heart. The Friends of the Poor urgently need £10 to give her a small allowance.

The American Chamber of Commerce in London has published the twentieth edition of "The Anglo-American Year Book," a most useful volume which contains, as usual a very considerable amount of useful and interesting information. On the business side the Commercial Directory of 8,500 names and addresses of principal firms together with their agents, representatives or affiliated houses in Great Britain and the United States, is of great value as a reference list to firms engaged in Anglo-American trade. The Residential Directory and the Anglo-American "Who's Who" cover the social side, the former being a list of approximately 2,000 names of Americans resident in the British Isles, and the latter contains the names of well-known British people married to Americans and

prominent Americans in the United Kingdom. The Anglo-American institutions and clubs such as the American Society, the English-Speaking Union, the American Club, etc., are listed and a short resumé of their activities in 1931 is given. Their officers for the present year are also included.



IN THE "AREN'T WE ALL" FILM: MR. OWEN NARES AND MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

A still taken whilst this Paramount talkie was in process of construction. The film, of course, is of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's somewhat arresting stage play

Lady Doris Gunston is Chairman of the Economy Ball to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Thursday, April 15, in aid of the St. Francis House Settlement, of which the Bishop of Woolwich is Chairman. An excellent cabaret is being arranged and many prizes may be won. An innovation will be the Running Breakfast, which will include a choice of amusing breakfast dishes including beer. Tickets are only one guinea each, and include a running buffet. The Bandits Dance Orchestra will play.

The following appeal is made by the British Legion Poppy factory: "Please save your cherry laurel prunings and send your leaves to the British Legion poppy factory where large quantities are required now to be preserved for wreath-making. All the employees of this factory, numbering 270, are War-disabled ex-Service men and they make poppies and wreaths for sale at Armistice time. Please send your leaves to the British Legion Poppy Factory, Petersham Road, Richmond, Surrey."

Preparations are well in hand for the new Coliseum production, *Casanova*, which may be expected early in May. Several of the effects in *Casanova* would be impossible at any theatre other than the Coliseum. Taking the play as a whole, nothing like it will ever have been seen before in London. The first night of *White Horse Inn* on April 8 last year set up a new standard in style and achievement. *Casanova* will more than live up to it. It is expected to make a greater stir than *White Horse Inn* and will be even more novel and surprising.

## REPAIRING THE FACE

## All for Beauty.

Countless things make up the sum of beauty; among them is perfect health. The field covered by these words is too wide for discussion here; rather must the complexion be considered. Every woman has possibilities for beauty; they may be made to materialize with the aid of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Luxuria and its companions. On application to 130, Regent Street, she would send a particularly interesting and helpful treatise on beauty. The preparations, which include creams, lotions, and powders, are sold practically everywhere.



## The Charm of a "Young" Skin.

Luxuria, Harriet Hubbard Ayer's, shall it be called, chief maid of honour, has the power of creating a "young" skin. This is achieved by cleaning, preserving, and enriching it with its own natural oil. It is this lubrication that, after it has been "washed" with this cream, makes it feel like the covering of a plum with just a suspicion of a bloom. This is part of a "bread-and-butter" diet to which must be added the skin food. When the skin demands its caviar, well there is the unique beautifying cream.

A golden key to a perfect complexion and the preserving of the contours of the face is Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Luxuria. A Luigi lacquered wig adds a modish note



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This Spring, in Hats as in Frocks, *Material* is as important as *Line*. You will revel in the fascinating plaits and weaves to be seen in Harrods newest and loveliest Modes. We sketch just a few here, fashioned from materials whose very names suggest *chic*.

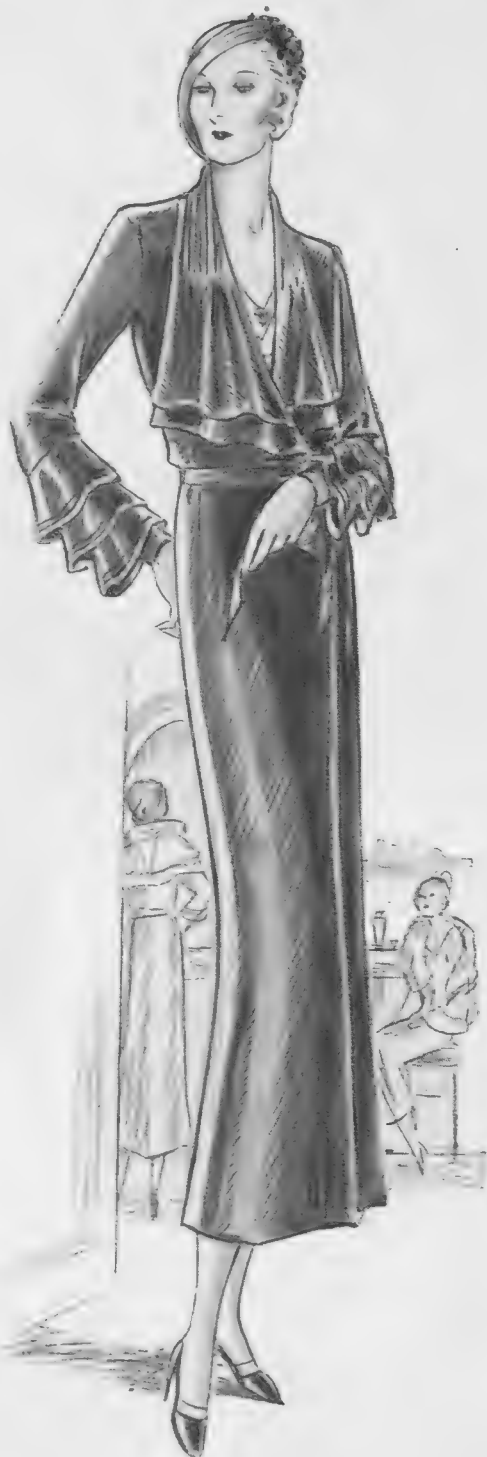
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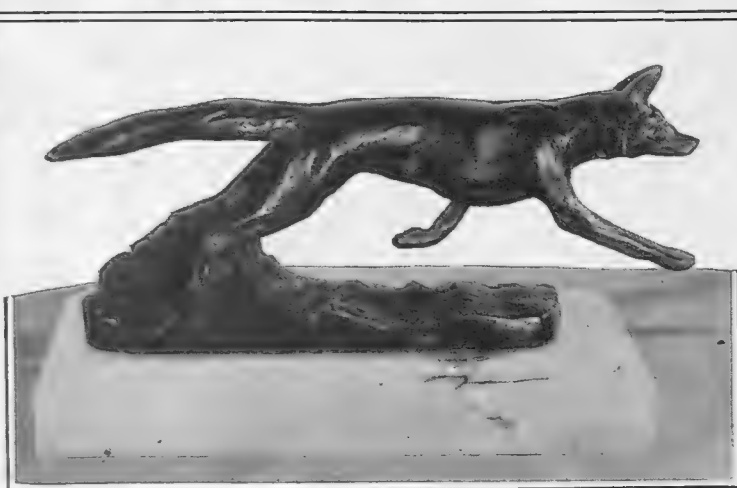
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Committees desirous of obtaining, for coming meetings, prizes which will not only avoid the conventional and stereotyped, but will be certain of finding favour with the winners, should request particulars from The Sporting Gallery of the Clocks, Bronzes and other exclusive Gifts for Sportsmen in which it specialises.

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Vogue has always taken the line that clothes must be judged on their merits, not on their nationality. The British fashions shown in the current number prove that London designers can win praise from the most exacting critics.

What if you don't need a single one of these models from the leading houses? Use them as a guide in choosing the clothes you do need, at the prices you usually pay. Remember, these clothes have been designed and chosen with a perfect understanding of British types, British climate, British ways of living. The older woman, too, is specially catered for.

The "Limited Incomes" portfolio shows chic London clothes at modest prices: discusses the social rise of the sweater and gives some exquisite examples, together with knitting instructions for a child's two-piece suit and jumper; and includes a wardrobe from Vogue Patterns, and new Couturier designs.

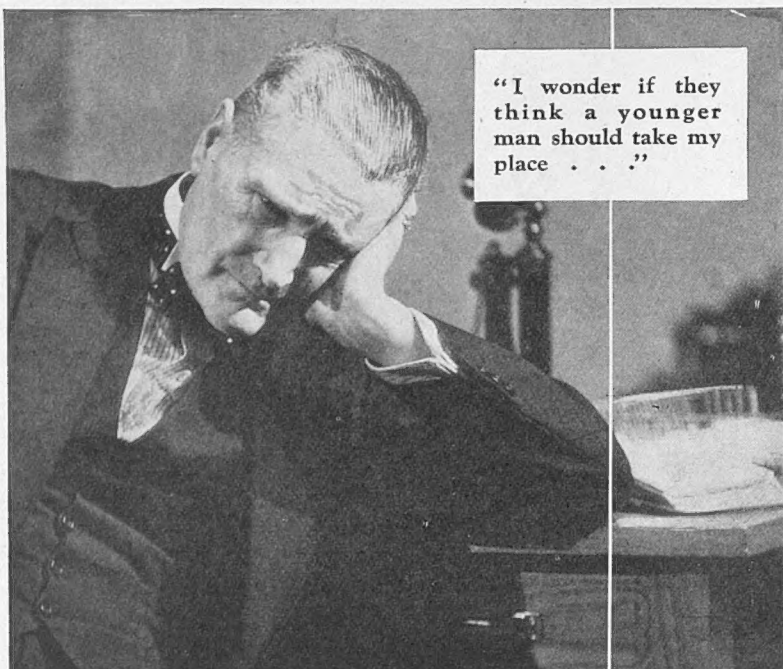
• An outstanding dress in the London Collections is this Geene Glenny model. What makes it so definitely 1932? It is an evening gown. It is an Ascot gown. It can be a debutante's gown. It has the higher décolletage, the higher moulded waistline. It is in cotton lace mounted on organdi.



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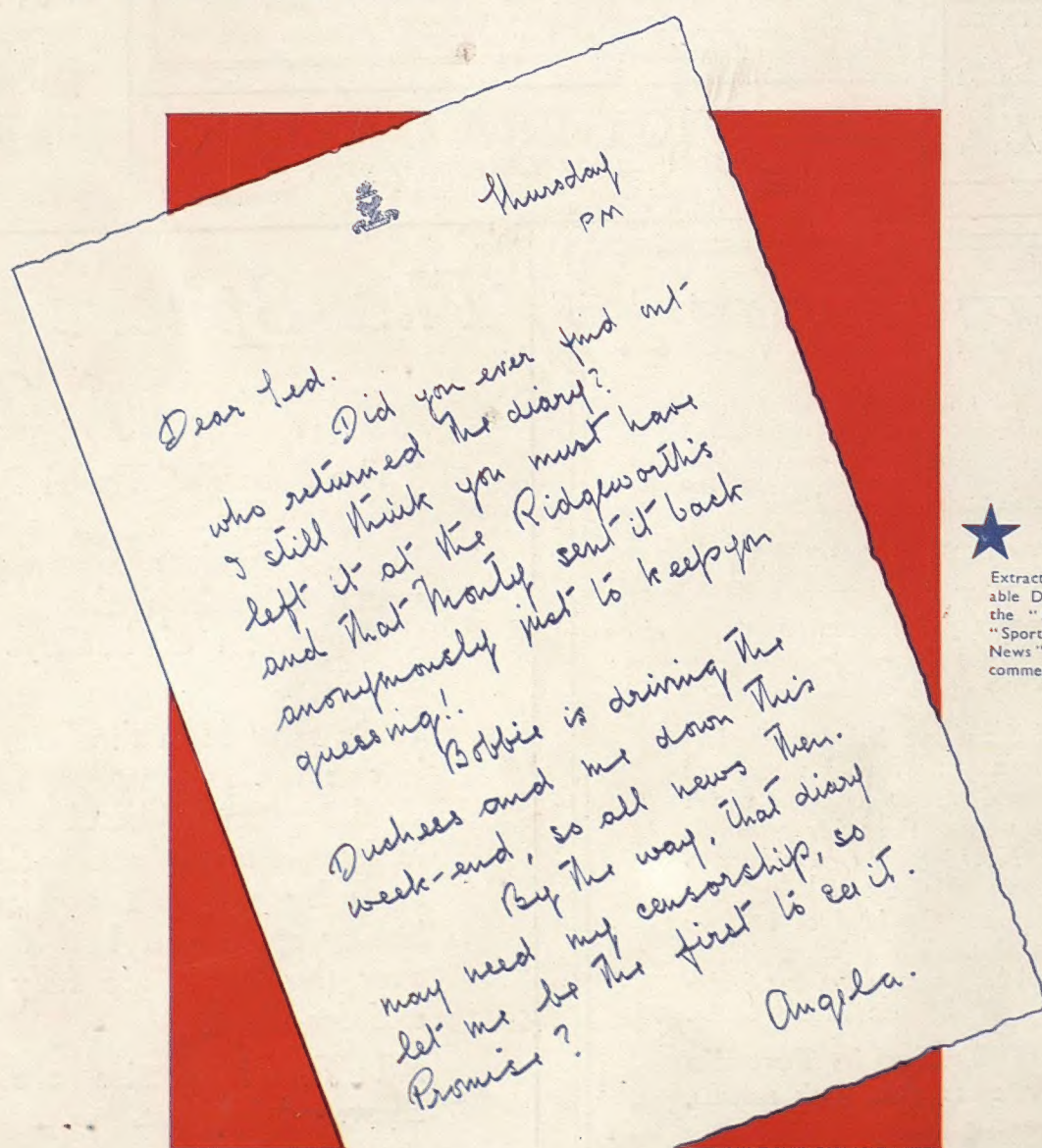
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# PERSONAL

SIR EDWARD THE ENTHUSIASTIC TENDERS HIS THANKS TO THE LADY OR GENTLEMAN WHO RETURNED THE DIARY OF HIS GREAT-GRAND-FATHER, SIR EDWARD-THE 5th BARONET.

AS THIS MUCH PRIZED OLD MS. WAS RECEIVED ANONYMOUSLY HE WISHES TO INFORM HIS BENEFACTOR THAT HE HAS SENT A CHEQUE TO ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.



Extracts from this remarkable Diary will appear in the "Sketch," "Tatler," "Sporting and Dramatic News" and "Bystander," commencing next week.